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REAL CONVERSATIONS.—IV.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HAMLIN GARLAND.

Recorded by Mr. Garland.

RILEY'S country, like most of the State of Indiana, has been won from the original forest by incredible toil. Three generations of men have laid their bones beneath the soil that now blooms into gold and lavender harvests of wheat and corn.

The traveller to-day can read this record of struggle in the fringes of mighty elms and oaks and sycamores which form the grim background of every pleasant stretch of stubble or corn land.

Greenfield, lying twenty miles east of Indianapolis, is to-day an agricultural town, but in the days when Whitcomb Riley lived here it was only a half-remove from the farm and the wood-lot; and the fact that he was brought up so near to the farm, and yet not deadened and soured by its toil, accounts, in great measure at least, for his work.

But Greenfield as it stands to-day, modernized and refined somewhat, is apparently the most unpromising field for literature, especially for poetry. It has no hills, and no river nor lake. Nothing but vast and radiant sky, and blue vistas of fields between noble trees.

It has the customary main street with stores fronting upon it; the usual small shops, and also its bar-rooms, swarming with loungers. It has its courthouse in the square, half-hid by great trees—a grim and bare building, with its portal defaced and grimy. The people, as they pass you in the street, speak in the soft, high-keyed nasal drawl which is the basis of the Hoosier dialect. It looks to be, as it is, half-way between the New England village and the Western town.

The life, like that of all small towns in America, is apparently slow-moving, purposeless, and uninteresting; and yet from this town, and other similar towns, has Whitcomb Riley drawn the sweetest honey of poesy—honey with a native delicious tang, as of buckwheat and basswood bloom, with hints of the mullein and the thistle of dry pastures.

I found Mr. Riley sitting on the porch of the old homestead, which has been in alien hands for a long time, but which he has lately bought back. In this house his childhood was passed, at a time when the street was hardly more than a lane in the woods. He bought it because of old-time associations.

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"I am living here," he wrote me, "with two married sisters keeping house for me during the summer; that is to say, I ply spasmodically between here and Indianapolis."

I was determined to see the poet here, in the midst of his native surroundings, rather than at a hotel at Indianapolis. I was very glad to find him at home, for it gave me opportunity to study both the poet and his material.

It is an unpretentious house of the usual village sort, with a large garden; and his two charming sisters with their families (summering here) give him something more of a home atmosphere than he has had since he entered the lecturer's profession. Two or three children—nephews and nieces—companion him also.

After a few minutes' chat Riley said, with a comical side glance at me: "Come up into my library." I knew what sort of a library to expect. It was a pleasant little upper room, with a bed and a small table in it, and about a dozen books.

Mr. Riley threw out his hand in a comprehensive gesture, and said: "This is as sumptuous a room as I ever get. I live most o' my time in a Pullman car or a hotel, and you know how blamed luxurious an ordinary hotel room is."

I refused to be drawn off into side discussions, and called for writing paper. Riley took an easy position on the bed, while I sharpened pencils, and studied him closely, with a view to let readers of McClure's know how he looks.

He is a short man, with square shoulders and a large head. He has a very dignified manner—at times. His face is smoothly shaven, and, though he is not bald, the light color of his hair makes him seem so. His eyes are gray and round, and generally solemn, and sometimes stern. His face is the face of a great actor—in rest, grim and inscrutable; in action, full of the most elusive expressions, capable of humor and pathos. Like most humorists, he is sad in repose. His language, when he chooses to have it so, is wonderfully concise and penetrating and beautiful. He drops often into dialect, but always with a look on his face which shows he is aware of what he is doing. In other words, he is master of both forms of speech. His mouth is his wonderful feature: wide, flexible, clean-cut. His lips are capable of the grimmest and the merriest lines. When he reads they pout like a child's, or draw down into a straight, grim line like a New England deacon's, or close at one side, and uncover his white and even teeth at the other, in the sly smile of "Benjamin F. Johnson," the humble humorist and philosopher. In his own proper person he is full of quaint and beautiful philosophy. He is wise rather than learned—wise with the quality that is in proverbs, almost always touched with humor.

His eyes are near-sighted and his nose prominent. His head is of the "tack-hammer" variety, as he calls it. The public insists that there is an element of resemblance between Mr. Riley, Eugene Field and Bill Nye. He is about forty years of age and a bachelor—presumably from choice. He is a man of marked neatness of dress and delicacy of manner. I began business by asking if he remembered where we met last.

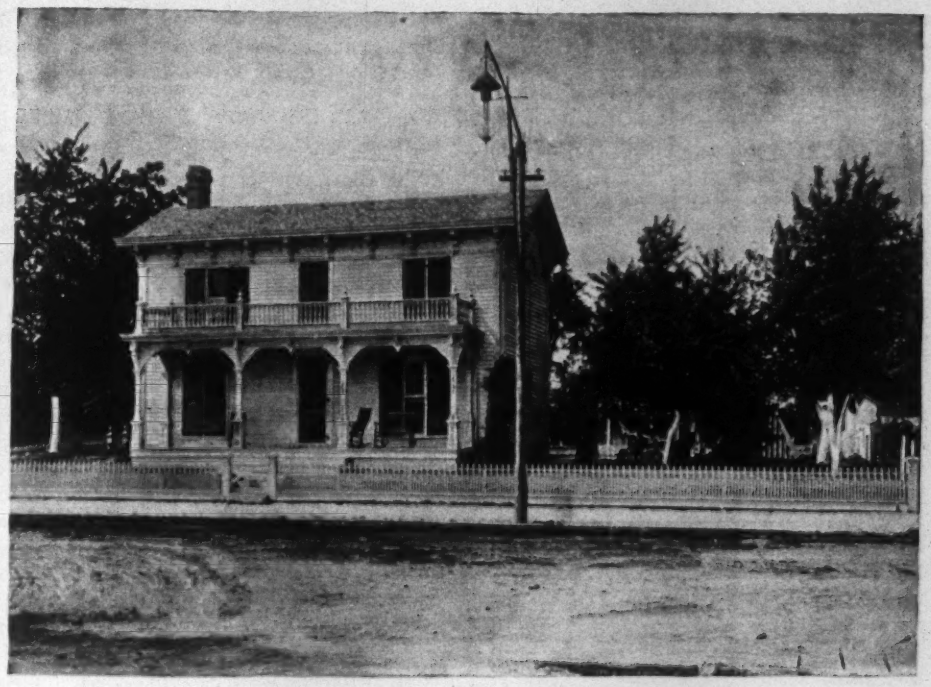
"Certainly—Kipling's. Great story-teller, Kipling. I like to hear him tell about animals. Remember his story of the two elephants that lambasted the one that went 'must'?"

"I *guess* I do. I have a suspicion, however, that Kipling was drawing a long bow for our benefit, especially in that story of the elephant that chewed a stalk of cane into a swab to wind in the clothing of his keeper, in order to get him within reach. That struck me as bearing down pretty hard on a couple of simple Western boys like us."

"Waive the difference for genius. He made it a good story, anyway; and, aside from his great gifts, I consider Kipling a lovely fellow. I like him because he's natively interested in the common man."

I nodded my assent, and Riley went on:

"Kipling had the good fortune to get started early, and he's kept busy right along. A man who is great has



"GRIGGSBY'S STATION."—THE OLD RILEY HOUSE AND PRESENT SUMMER RESIDENCE, GREENFIELD, IND.

"Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"

no time for anything else," he added, in that peculiarity of phrase and solemnity of utterance which made me despair of ever dramatizing him.

"He's going to do better," I replied. "The best story in that book is 'His Private Honor.' That's as good as anybody does. What makes Kipling great is his fidelity to his own convictions and to his own conditions, his writing what he knows about. And, by the way, the Norwegians and Swedes at the World's Fair have read us a good lesson on that score. They've put certain phases of their life and landscape before us with immense vim and truth, while our American artists have mainly gone hunting for themes—Breton peasants and Japanese dancing-girls."

Riley sternly roused up to interrupt: "And ignoring the best material in the world. Material just out o' God's hand, lying around thick"—then quick as light he was Old Man Johnson again:

"'Thick as clods in the fields and lanes
Er these-ere little hop-toads when it rains!'"

"American artists and poets have always known too much," I went on. "We've been so afraid the world would find us lacking in scholarship, that we've allowed it to find us lacking in creative work. We've been so very correct, that we've imitated. Now, if you'd had four or five years of Latin, Riley, you'd be writing Latin odes or translations."

Riley looked grave. "I don't know but you're right. Still, you can't tell. Sometimes I feel that I am handicapped by ignorance of history and rhetoric and languages."

"Well, of course, I ought not to discuss a thing like this in your presence, but I think the whole thing has worked

out beautifully for the glory of Indiana and Western literature."

There came a comical light into his eyes, and his lips twisted up in a sly grin at the side, as he dropped into dialect: "I don't take no credit for my ignorance. Jest born thataway," and he added, a moment later, with a characteristic swift change to deep earnestness: "My work did itself."

As he lay, with that introspective look in his eyes, I took refuge in one of the questions I had noted down: "Did you ever actually live on a farm?"

"No. All I got of farm life I picked up right from this distance—this town—this old homestead. Of course, Greenfield was nothing but a farmer town then, and besides, father had a farm just on the edge of town, and in corn-plantin' times he used to press us boys into service, and we went very loathfully, at least I did. I got hold of farm life some way—all ways, in fact. I might not have made use of it if I had been closer to it than this."

"Yes, there's something in that. You would have failed, probably, in your perspective. The actual work on a farm doesn't make poets. Work is a good thing in the retrospect, or when you can regulate the amount of it. Yes, I guess you had just the kind of a life to give you a hold on the salient facts of farm life. Anyhow, you've done it, that's settled."

Riley was thinking about something which amused him, and he roused up to dramatize a little scene. "Sometimes some real country boy gives me the round turn on some farm points. For instance, here comes one stepping up to me: 'You never lived on a farm,' he says. 'Why not?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'a turkey-cock gobbles, but he don't ky-ouck as your poetry says.' He had me right there. It's the turkey-hen that ky-oucks. 'Well, you'll never hear another turkey-cock of mine ky-ouckin',' says I."

While I laughed, Riley became serious again. "But generally I hit on the right symbols. I get the frost on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock; and I see the frost on the old axe they split the pumpkins with for feed, and I get the smell of the fodder and the cattle, so that it brings up the right picture in the mind of the reader. I don't know how I do it. It ain't me."

His voice took on a deeper note, and his face shone with a strange sort of mysticism which often comes out in his earnest moments. He put his fingers to his lips in a descriptive gesture, as if he held a trumpet. "I'm only the 'willer' through which the whistle comes."

"The basis of all art is spontaneous observation," I said, referring back a little. "If a man is to work out an individual utterance with the subtlety and suggestion of life, he can't go diggin' around among the bones of buried prophets. I take it you didn't go to school much."

"No, and when I did I was a failure in everything—except reading, maybe. I liked to read. We had McGuffey's Series, you know, and there was some good stuff there. There was Irving and Bryant and Cooper and Dickens——"

"And 'Lochiel's Warning'——"

He accepted the interruption. "And 'The Battle of Waterloo,' and 'The Death of Little Nell'——"

I rubbed my knees with glee as I again interrupted: "And there was 'Marco Bozzaris,' you know, and 'Rienzi.' You recollect that speech of Rienzi's—'I come not here to talk,' etc.? I used to count the class to see if 'Rouse, ye Slaves,' would come to me. It was capitalized, you remember. It always scared me nearly to death to read those capitalized passages."

Riley mused. "Pathos seems to be the worst with me. I used to run away when we were to read 'Little Nell.' I knew I couldn't read it without crying, and I knew they'd all laugh at me and make the whole thing ridiculous. I couldn't stand that. My teacher, Lee O. Harris, was a friend to me and helped me in many ways. He got to understand me beautifully! He knew I couldn't learn arithmetic. There wasn't any gray matter in that part of my head. Perfectly empty! But I can't remember when I wasn't a declaimer. I always took natively to

anything theatrical. History I took a dislike to, as a thing without juice, and so I'm not particularly well stocked in dates and events of the past."

"Well, that's a good thing, too, I guess," I said, pushing my point again. "It has thrown you upon the present, and kept you dealing with your own people. Of course, I don't mean to argue that perfect ignorance is a thing to be desired, but there is no distinction in the historical poem or novel, to my mind. Everybody's done that."

Riley continued: "Harris, in addition to being a scholar and a teacher, was, and is, a poet. He was also a playwright, and made me a success in a comedy part which he wrote for me, in our home theatricals."

"Well, now, that makes me think. It was your power to recite that carried you into the patent-medicine cart, wasn't it? And how about that sign-painting? Which came first?"

"The sign-painting. I was a boy in my teens when I took up sign-painting."

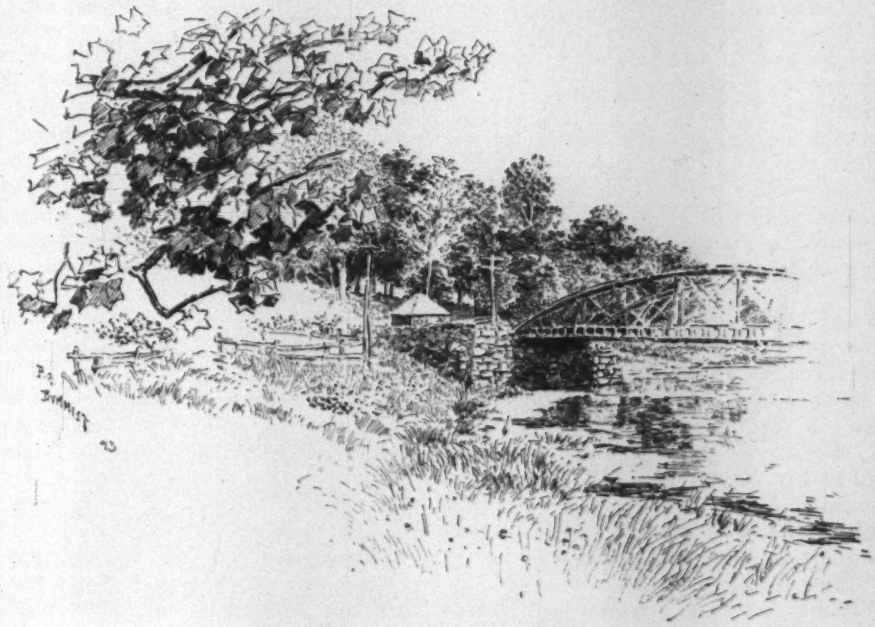
"Did you serve a regular apprenticeship?"

"Yes, learned my trade of an old Dutchman here, by the name of Keefer, who was an artist in his way. I had a natural faculty for drawing. I suppose I could have illustrated my books if I had given time to it. It's rather curious, but I hadn't been with the old fellow much more than a week before I went to him and asked him why he didn't make his own letters. I couldn't see why he copied from the same old forms all the time. I hated to copy anything."

"Well, now, I want to know about that patent-medicine peddling."

Something in my tone made him reply quickly:

"That has been distorted. It was really a very simple matter, and fol-



"MILROY'S GROVE" AND OLD NATIONAL ROAD BRIDGE, BRANDYWINE.

"Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel
Of the sunny sand-bar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragonfly pauses in his travel
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died."

—*Babyhood.*

lowed the sign-painting naturally. After the 'trade' episode I had tried to read law with my father, but I didn't seem to get anywhere. Forgot as diligently as I read. So far as school equipment was concerned, I was an advertised idiot; so what was the use? I had a trade, but it was hardly what I wanted to do always, and my health was bad—very bad—bad as *I* was!

"A doctor here in Greenfield advised me to travel. But how in the world was I to travel without money? It was just at this time that the patent-medicine man came along. He needed a man, and I argued this way: 'This man is a doctor, and if I must travel, better travel with a doctor.' He had a fine team, and a nice-looking lot of fellows with him; so I plucked up courage to ask if I couldn't go along and paint his advertisements for him."

Riley smiled with retrospective amusement. "I rode out of town behind those horses without saying good-by to any one. And though my patron wasn't a diploma'd doctor, as I found out, he was a mighty fine man, and kind to his horses, which was a recommendation. He was a man of good habits, and the whole company was made up of good straight boys."

"How long were you with him?"

"About a year. Went home with him, and was made same as one of his own lovely family. He lived at Lima, Ohio. My experience with him put an idea in my head—a business idea, for a wonder—and the next year I went down to Anderson and went into partnership with a young fellow to travel, organizing a scheme of advertising with paint, which we called 'The Graphic Company.' We had five or six young fellows, all musicians as well as handy painters, and we used to capture the towns with our music. One fellow could whistle like a nightingale, another sang like an angel, and another played the banjo. I scuffled with the violin and guitar."

"I thought so, from that poem on 'The Fiddle' in 'The Old Swimmin' Hole.'"

"Our only dissipation was clothes. We dressed loud. You could hear our clothes an incalculable distance. We had an idea it helped business. Our plan was to take one firm of each business in a town, painting its advertisements on every road leading into the town: 'Go to Mooney's,' and things like that, you understand. We made a good thing at it."

"How long did you do business?"

"Three or four years, and we had more fun than anybody." He turned another comical look on me over his pinch-nose eyeglasses. "You've heard this story about my travelling all over the State as a blind sign-painter? Well, that started this way. One day we were in a small town somewhere, and a great crowd watching us in breathless wonder and curiosity; and one of our party said: 'Riley, let me introduce you as a blind sign-painter.' So just for mischief I put on a crazy look in the eyes and pretended to be blind. They led me carefully to the ladder, and handed me my brush and paints. It was great fun. I'd hear them saying as I worked, 'That feller ain't blind.' 'Yes, he is, see his eyes.' 'No, he ain't, I tell you, he's playin' off.' 'I tell you he *is* blind. Didn't you see him fall over a box there and spill all his paints?'"

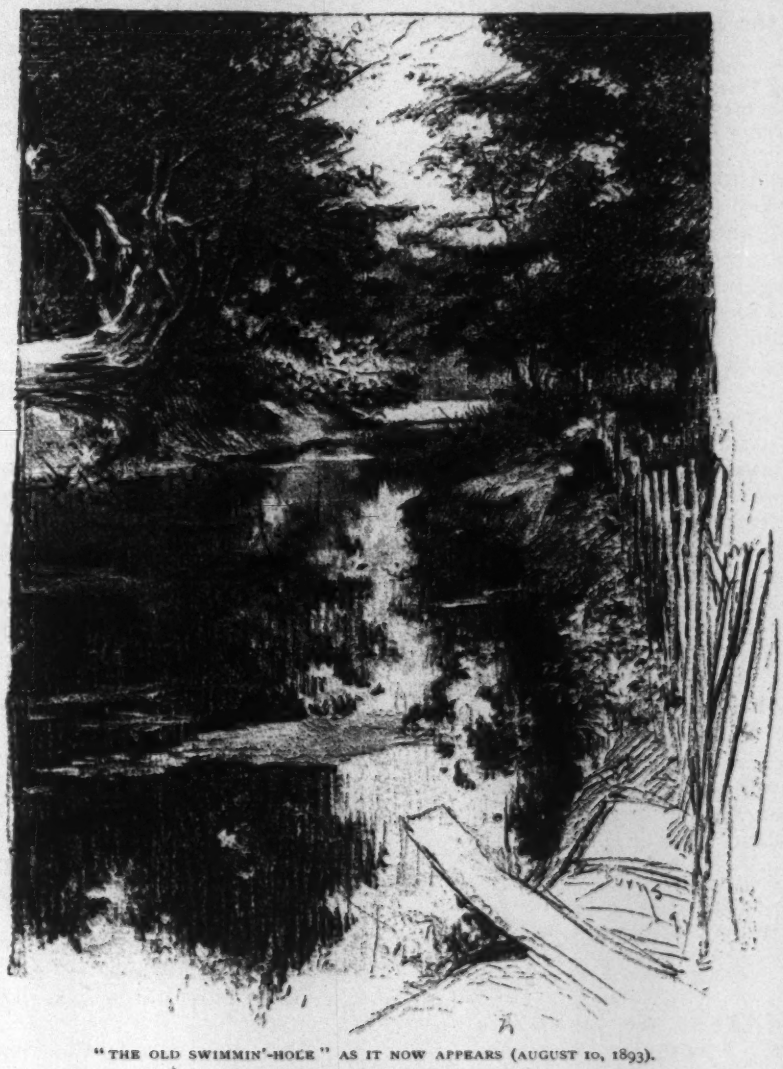
Riley rose here and laughingly re-enacted the scene, and I don't wonder that the villagers were deceived, so perfect was his assumption of the patient, weary look of a blind person.

I laughed at the joke. It was like the tricks boys play at college.

Riley went on. "Now, that's all there was to it. I was a blind sign-painter one day, and forgot it the next. We were all boys, and jokers, naturally enough, but not lawless. All were good fellows. All had nice homes and good people."

"Were you writing any at this time?"

"Oh, yes, I was always writing for purposes of recitation. I couldn't find printed poetry that was natural enough to speak. From a child I had always flinched at false rhymes and inversions. I liked John G. Saxe because he had a jaunty trick of rhyming artlessly;



"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE" AS IT NOW APPEARS (AUGUST 10, 1893).

"Childish voices, further on,
Where the truant stream has gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood—
Save that we are well aware
Happiness is hiding there:—
There, in leafy coverts, nude
Little bodies poise and leap,
Spattering the solitude.

And the silence everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!—
Wallowing in sandy shoals—
Plunging headlong out of sight,
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns."

—*In Swimming-Time.*

made the *sense* demand the rhyme—like

'Young Peter Pyramus—I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the metre,
But merely to make the name completer.'

I liked those classic travesties, too—he poked fun at the tedious old themes, and that always pleased me." Riley's voice grew stern, as he said: "I'm against the fellows who celebrate the old to the neglect of our own kith and kin. So I was always trying to write of the kind of people I *knew*, and especially to write verse that I could read just as if it were being spoken for the first time."

"I saw in a newspaper the other day that you began your journalistic work in Anderson."

"That's right. When I got back from my last trip with 'The Graphic Company,' young Will M. Croan offered me a place on a paper he was just connecting himself with. He had heard that I could write, and took it for granted I would be a valuable man in the local and advertising departments. I was. I inaugurated at once a feature of free doggerel advertising, for our regular advertisers. I wrote reams and miles of stuff like this:

"'O Yawcob Stein,
Dot frent of mine,
He got dot Cloding down so fine
Dot effer'body bin a-buyin'
Fon goot old Yawcob Stein.'"

"I'd like to see some of those old papers. I suppose they're all down there on file."

"I'm afraid they are. It's all there. Whole hemorrhages of it."

"Did you go from there to Indianapolis?"

He nodded.

"How did you come to go? Did you go on the venture?"

"No, it came about in this way. I had a lot of real stuff, as I fancied, quite different from the doggerel I've just quoted; and when I found something pleased the people, as I'd hold 'em up and *read* it to 'em, I'd send it off to a magazine, and it would come back quite promptly by return mail. Still I believed in it. I had a friend on the opposition paper who was always laughing at my pretensions as a poet, and I was anxious to show him I could write poetry just as good as that which he praised of other writers: and it was for his benefit I concocted that scheme of imitating Poe. You've heard of that?"

"Not from any reliable source."

"Well, it was just this way. I determined to write a poem in imitation of some well-known poet, to see if I couldn't trap my hypercritical friend. I had no idea of doing anything more than that. So I coined and wrote and sent 'Leonainie' to a paper in a neighboring county, in order that I might attack it myself in my own paper and so throw my friend completely off the track. The whole thing was a boy's fool trick. I didn't suppose it would go out of the State exchanges. I was appalled at the result. The whole country took it up, and pitched into me unjustifiably."

"Couldn't you explain?"

"They wouldn't *let* me explain. I lost my position on the paper, because I had let a rival paper have 'the discovery!' Everybody insisted I was trying to attract attention, but that wasn't true. I simply wanted to make my critic acknowledge, by the ruse, that I *could* write *perfect* verse, so far as *his* critical (?) judgment comprehended. The whole matter began as a thoughtless joke, and ended in being one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life."

"Well, you carried your point, anyway. There's a melancholy sort of pleasure in doing that."

Riley didn't seem to take even that pleasure in it.

"In this dark time, just when I didn't know which way to turn—friends all dropping away—I got a letter from Judge Martindale of the 'Indianapolis Journal,' saying, 'Come over and take a regular place on the "Journal," and get pay for your work.'"

"That was a timely piece of kindness on his part."

"It put me really on my feet. And just about this time, too, I got a letter from Longfellow, concerning some verses that I had had the 'nerve' to ask

RAILROAD BRIDGE, BRANDYWINE.

"Through the viny, shady-shiny
Interspaces, shot with tiny
Flying motes that fleck the winy
Wave-engraven sycamores."
—*A Dream of Autumn.*

him to examine, in which he said the verses showed 'the true poetic faculty and insight.' This was high praise to me then, and I went on writing with more confidence and ambition ever after."

"What did you send to him?"

"I don't remember exactly—some of my serious work. Yes, one of the things was 'The Iron Horse.'" He quoted this:

"No song is mine of Arab steed—
My courser is of nobler blood
And cleaner limb and fleeter speed
And greater strength and hardihood
Than ever cantered wild and free
Across the plains of Araby."

"How did Judge Martindale come to make that generous offer? Had you been contributing to the 'Journal'?"

"Oh, yes, for quite a while. One of the things I had just sent him was the Christmas story, 'The Boss Girl,' a newsboy's story. He didn't know, of course, that I was in trouble when he made the offer, but he stood by me afterwards, and all came right."

"What did you do on the 'Journal'?"

"I was a sort o' free-lance—could do anything I wanted to. Just about this time I began a series of 'Benjamin F. Johnson' poems. They all appeared with editorial comment, as if they came from an old Hoosier farmer of Boone County. They were so well received that I gathered them together in a little parchment volume, which I called 'The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems,' my first book."

"I suppose you put forth that volume with great timidity?"

"Well, I argued it couldn't break me, so I printed a thousand copies—hired 'em done, of course, at my own expense."

"Did you sell 'em?"

"They sold themselves. I had the ten-bushel box of 'em down in the 'Journal' office, and it bothered me nearly to death to attend to the mailing of them. So when Bowen & Merrill agreed to take the book off my hands, I gladly consented, and that's the way I began with them."

"It was that little book that first made me acquainted with your name," I said. "My friend and your friend, Charles E. Hurd, of the 'Boston Transcript,' one day read me the poem 'William Leachman,' which he liked exceedingly, and ended by giving me a copy of the book. I saw at once you had taken up the rural life, and carried it beyond Whittier and Lowell in respect of making it dramatic. You gave the farmer's point of view."

"I've tried to. But people oughtn't to get twisted up on my things the way they do. I've written dialect in two ways. One, as the modern man, bringing all the art he can to represent the way some other fellow thinks and speaks; but the 'Johnson' poems are intended to be like the old man's *written* poems, because he is supposed to have sent them in to the paper himself. They are representations of written dialect, while the others are representations of dialect as manipulated by the artist. But, in either case, it's the other fellow doin' it. I don't try to treat of people as they *ought* to think and speak, but as they do think and speak. In other words, I do not undertake to edit nature, either physical or human."

"I see your point, but I don't know that I would have done so without having read 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' and the 'Tale of the Airly Days.'"

I quoted here those lines I always found so meaningful:

"Tell of the things just like they was,
They don't need no excuse.
Don't tech 'em up as the poets does,
Till they're all too fine for use!"

Riley rose to his feet, and walked about the room. "I don't believe in dressing up nature. Nature is good enough for God, it's good enough for me. I see Old Man Johnson, a living figure. I know what the old feller has read. I'd like to have his picture drawn, because I love the old codger, but I can't get artists to see that I'm not making fun of him. They seem to think that if a man is out o' plumb in his language he must be likewise in his morals."

I flung my hand-grenade: "That's a relic of the old school, the school of

caricature—a school that assumes that if a man has a bulbous nose he necessarily has a bulbous intellect, which doesn't follow. I've known men with bulbous noses who were neither hard drinkers nor queer in any other particular, having a fine, dignified speech and clear, candid eyes."

"Now, old Benjamin looks queer, I'll admit. His clothes don't fit him. He's bent and awkward. But that don't prevent him from having a fine head and deep and tender eyes, and a soul in him you can recommend."

Riley paused, and looked down at me with a strange smile. "I tell you, the crude man is generally moral, for Nature has just let go his hand. She's just been leading him through the dead leaves and the daisies. When I deal with such a man I give him credit for every virtue; but what he does, and the way he does it, is his action and not mine."

He read at this point, with that quaint arching of one eyebrow, and the twist at the side of the mouth with which he always represents "Benjamin F. Johnson":

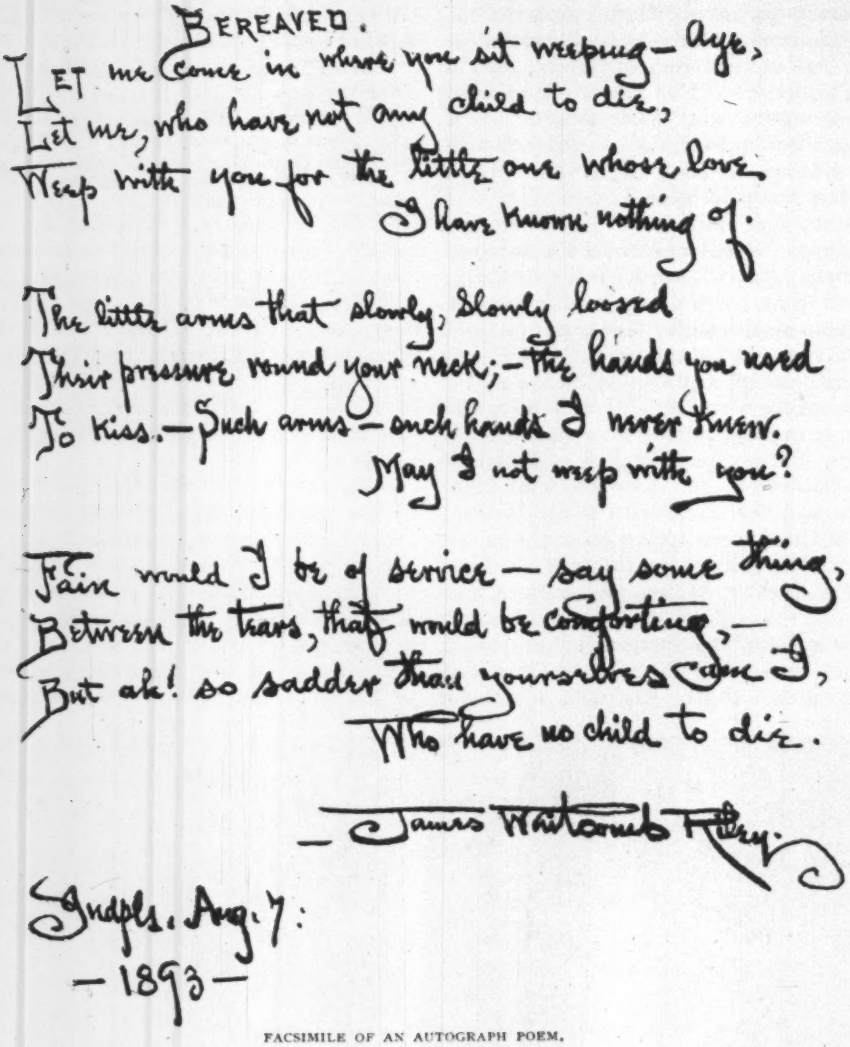
> "'My Religen is to jest
> Do by all my level best,
> Feelin' God'll do the rest.—
> Facts is, fur as *I* can see,
> The Good Bein', makin' me,
> 'Ll make me what I *ort* to be.'—

And that's the lovely Old Man Johnson talkin', and not *me*—but I'm *listenin'* to him, understand, yes, and keepin' still!"

The tender side of the poet came out here, and I said: "I had a talk with your father yesterday, and I find that we're in harmony on a good many reform topics. He's a populist and a greenbacker. Do you have any reform leanings?"

"Father is a thinker, and ain't afraid of his thinkin' machine. I'm turned away from reform because it's no use. We've got to *con*form, not *re*form, in our attitude with the world and man. Try reformin', and sooner or later you've got to quit, because it's always a question of politics. You start off with a reform idea, that is, a moral prop-

MR. GARLAND TAKES NOTES WHILE THE "HOOSIER" POET TALKS.


BEREAVED.

LET me come in where you sit weeping—Aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck;—the hands you used
To kiss.—Such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Indpls. Aug. 7:
—1893—

FACSIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH POEM.

osition. You end up by doing something politic. It's in the nature of things. You can, possibly, reform just one individual, but you can't reform the world at large. It won't work."

"All reforms, in your mind, are apparently hopeless, and yet, as a matter of fact, the great aggregate conforms to a few men every quarter of a century."

This staggered Riley, and he looked at me rather helplessly. "Well, it's an unpleasant thing, anyhow, and I keep away from it. I'm no fighter. In my own kind of work I can do good, and make life pleasant."

He was speaking from the heart. I changed the subject by looking about the room. "You don't read much, I imagine?"

He turned another quizzical look on me. "I'm afraid to read much, I'm so blamed imitative. But I read a good deal of chop-feed fiction, and browse with relish through the short stories and poems of to-day. But I have no place to put books. Have to do my own things where I catch time and opportunity."

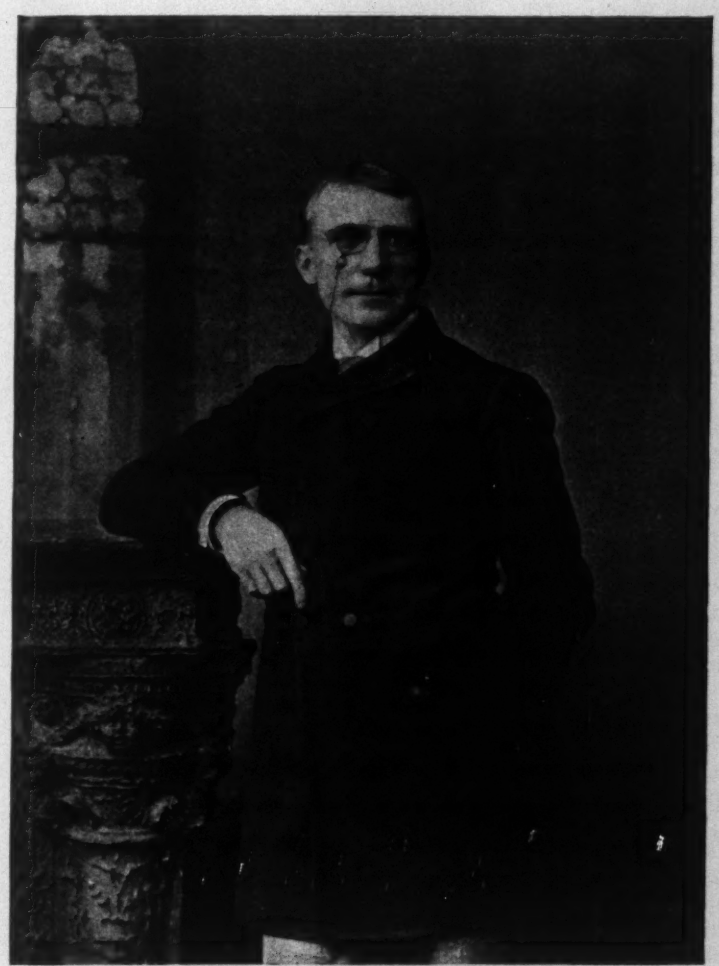
"Well, if you'd had a library, you wouldn't have got so many *people* into your poems. You remind me of Whit-

man's poet, you tramp a perpetual journey. Where do you think you get your verse-writing from?"

"Mainly from my mother's family, the Marines. A characteristic of the whole family is their ability to write rhymes, but all unambitiously. They write rhymed letters to each other, and joke and jim-crow with the Muses."

"Riley, I want to ask you. Your father is Irish, is he not?"

"Both yes and no. *His* characteristics are strongly Irish, but he was born a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and spoke the German dialect before he spoke English. It has been held that the name Riley probably comes from 'Ryland,' but there's an 'O'Reilly' theory I muse over very pleasantly."



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I saw he was getting tired of indoors, so I rose. "Well, now, where's the old swimmin' hole?"

His face lighted up with a charming, almost boyish, smile. "The old swimmin' hole is right down here on Brandywine—the old 'crick,' just at the edge of town."

"Put on your hat, and let's go down and find it."

We took our way down the main street and the immensely dusty road towards the east. The locusts quavered in duo and trio in the ironweeds, and were answered by others in the high sycamores. Large yellow and black butterflies flapped about from weed to weed. The gentle wind came over the orchards and cornfields, filled with the fragrance of gardens and groves. The road took a little dip towards the creek, which was low, and almost hidden among the weeds.

Riley paused. "I haven't been to the old swimmin' hole for sixteen years. We used to go across there through the grass, all except the feller with the busted toe-nail. He had to go round." He pointed at the print of bare, graceful feet in the dust, and said:

> "We could tell, by the dent of the heel and the sole,
> There was lots of fun on hand at the old swimmin' hole."

As we looked out on the hot mid-summer landscape, Riley quoted again, from a poem in his forthcoming book—a poem which he regards as one of his very best:

"The air and the sun and the shadows
Were wedded and made as one,
And the winds ran o'er the meadows
As little children run:

"And the winds flowed over the meadows,
And along the willowy way
The river ran, with its ripples shod
With the sunshine of the day:

"O, the winds poured over the meadows
In a tide of eddies and calms,
And the bared brow felt the touch of it
As a sweetheart's tender palms.

"And up through the rifted tree-tops
That signalled the wayward breeze
I saw the hulk of the hawk becalmed
Far out on the azure seas."

Riley recited this with great beauty of tone and rhythm—such as audiences never hear from him, hearing only his dialect.

As we walked on we heard shouts, and I plucked Riley's sleeve: "Hear that? If that isn't the cry of a swimming boy, then my experiences are of no value. A boy has a shout which he uses only when splashing about in a pond."

Riley's face glowed. "That's right, they're there—just as we used to be."

After climbing innumerable fences, we came upon the boys under the shade of the giant sycamore and green thorn-trees. The boys jiggled themselves into their clothes, and ran off in alarm at the two staid and dignified men, who none the less had for them a tender and reminiscent sympathy.

All about splendid elm-trees stood, and stately green thorn-trees flung their delicate, fern-like foliage athwart the gray and white spotted boles of tall, leaning sycamores. But the creek was very low, by reason of the dry weather.

We threaded our way about, seeking out old paths and stumps and tree trunks, which sixteen years of absence had not entirely swept from the poet's mind. Then, at last, we turned homeward over the railroad track, through the dusty little town. People were seated in their little backyards here and there, eating watermelon, and Neighbor Johnson's poem on the "Wortermelon" came up:

"Oh, wortermelon time is a-comin' 'round agin,
And they ain't no feller livin' any tickleder'n me."

We passed by the old courthouse, where Captain Riley, the poet's father, has practised law for fifty years. The captain lives near, in an odd-looking house of brick, its turret showing above the trees. On the main street groups of men of all ranks and stations were sitting or standing, and they all greeted the poet as he passed by with an offhand: "How are ye, Jim?" to which the poet replied: "How are you, Tom?" or "How are you, Jack? How's the folks?" Personally, his townsmen like him. They begin to respect him also in another way, so successful has he become in a way measurable to them all.

Back at the house, we sat at lunch of cake and watermelon, the sisters, Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Eitels, serving as hostesses most delightfully. They had left their own homes in Indianapolis for the summer, to give this added pleasure to their poet-brother. They both have much of his felicity of phrase, and much the same gentleness and sweetness of bearing. The hour was a pleasant one, and brought out the simple, domestic side of the man's nature. The sisters, while they showed their admiration and love for him, addressed him without a particle of affectation.

There is no mysterious abyss between Mr. Riley and his family. They are well-to-do, middle-conditioned Americans, with unusual intellectual power and marked poetic sensibility. Mr. Riley is a logical result of a union of two gifted families, a product of hereditary power, coöperating with the power of an ordinary Western town. Born of a gentle and naturally poetic mother, and a fearless, unconventional father (lawyer and orator), he has lived the life common to boys of villages from Pennsylvania to Dakota, and upon this were added the experiences he has herein related.

It is impossible to represent his talk that night. For two hours he ran on—he the talker, the rest of us the irritating cause. The most quaintly wise

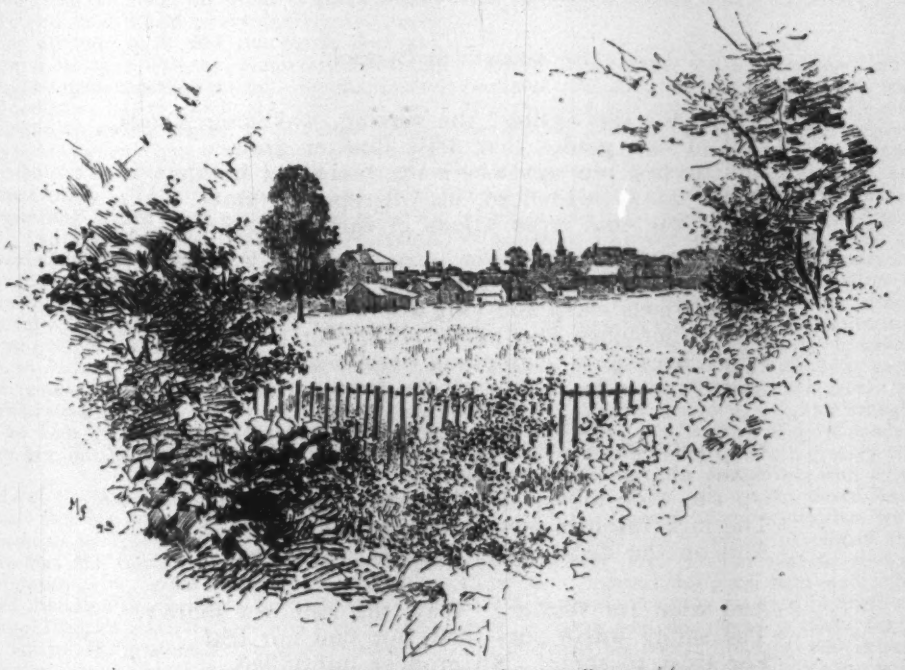
sentences fell from his lips in words no other could have used; scraps of verse, poetic images, humorous assumptions of character, daring figures of speech —I gave up in despair of ever getting him down on paper. He read, at my request, some of his most beautiful things. He talked on religion, and his voice grew deep and earnest.

"I believe a man prays when he does well," he said. "I believe he worships God when his work is on a high plane; when his attitude towards his fellow-men is right, I guess God is pleased with him."

I said good-night, and went off down the street, musing upon the man and his work. Genius, as we call it, defies conditions. It knows no barriers. It finds in things close at hand the most inexhaustible storehouse. All depends upon the poet, not upon materials. It is his love for the thing, his interest in the fact, his distribution of values, his selection of details, which makes his work irresistibly comic or tender or pathetic.

No poet in the United States has the same hold upon the minds of the people as Riley. He is the poet of the plain American. They bought thirty thousand dollars' worth of his verse last year; and he is also one of the most successful lecturers on the platform. He gives the lie to the old saying, for he *is* a prophet in his own country. The people of Indiana are justly proud of him, for he has written "Poems Here at Home." He is read by people who never before read poetry in their lives, and he appeals equally well to the man who is heart-sick of the hollow conventional verse in imitation of some classic.

He is absolutely American in every line he writes. His schooling has been in the school of realities. He takes things at first-hand. He considers his success to be due to the fact that he is one of the people, and has written of



VIEW OF GREENFIELD FROM "IRVING'S SPRING," BRANDYWINE.

"Whilse the old town, fur away
'Crost the hazy pastur-land,
Dozed-like in the heat o' day
Peaceful as a hired hand."
—*Up and Down Old Brandywine.*

the things he liked and they liked. The time will come when his work will be seen to be something more than the fancies of a humorist.

As I walked on down the street, it all came upon me with great power—this production of an American poet. Everything was familiar to me. All this life, the broad streets laid off in squares, the little cottages, the weedy gardens, the dusty fruit-trees, the young people sauntering in couples up and down the sidewalk, the snapping of jack-knives, and the low hum of talk from scattered groups. This was Riley's school. This was his material, apparently barren, dry, utterly hopeless in the eyes of the romantic writers of the East, and yet capable of becoming world-famous when dominated and mastered and transformed, as it has been mastered and transformed by this poet of the people.

In my estimation, this man is the most remarkable exemplification of the power of genius to transmute plain clods into gold that we have seen since the time of Burns. He has dominated stern and unyielding conditions with equal success, and reflected the life of his kind with greater fidelity than Burns.

This material, so apparently grim and barren of light and shade, waited only for a creative mind and a sympathetic intelligence; then it grew beautiful and musical, and radiant with color and light and life.

Therein is the magnificent lesson to be drawn from the life and work of the Hoosier poet.

The portrait of James Whitcomb Riley is from a photograph by Barraud, London.

THE SEASONS.

By Augusta de Gruchy.

Woods for the Spring! the stirring, wakening woods,
Full of dim glades that daily duskier grow,
And arched recesses where the blackbird builds,
And chants, full-voiced, his oft-repeated stave.
O, for the cool fresh woods in early Spring!

Gardens for Summer! homely village plots,
Where roses clasp the long-arm'd apple-trees,
And columbines join hands with mint and rue,
While bees grow clamorous over beds of thyme,
And June is hastening to the longest day.

For Autumn, moorland, sun-warmed, wind-caressed;
Scant change from summer glory do we know
On the wide moor. In the clear Autumn air
The lark resumes his interrupted song,
And on the distant hills the heather burns.

And what for Winter? Why, the lone sea-shore;
The sandy waste puts forth nor bud nor leaf
For frost to smite. No promise unfulfilled
Vexes us here; the sea suffices us,
The patient, wise, companionable sea.

Reproduced by special arrangement
from "Under the Hawthorn and other Verse,"
by Augusta de Gruchy.
London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. After coming from the University of Edinburgh, he was called to the Scottish bar, but he soon yielded to an irresistible bent toward literature, and began to devote himself exclusively to that. After he had written magazine articles for a time, his ambitions mounted to a book, and he found a publisher with enough confidence in his first venture of this sort to pay him one hundred dollars for it. But though he worked with the greatest industry and devotion, he was thirty-three years old before he came into an assured support and reputation in literature. "Treasure Island," 1883, fixed his fame. Since then the list of his works is grown a long one; and as it is also a very familiar one, there being no item in it that the public does not know more than well, an enumeration of titles would be quite superfluous here. For that power of good story-telling which Mr. Stevenson possesses in so rare a degree, he professes obligation to his father, Thomas Stevenson, a builder of light-houses, and the author of a book on "Light-house Optics." The elder Stevenson had a habit of spinning a yarn every night, before going to bed. Another of Robert Louis's traits—his love of travel into out-of-the-way places—is ancestral also. But this has been heightened in him somewhat by a state of health which has forced him into far-off localities for the mere sake of keeping alive. It was this primarily that took him to Samoa, in the South Pacific, where he now resides. In this number of McCLURE'S publication begins Mr. Stevenson's latest novel, "The Ebb Tide," a story that cannot fail to carry him into still higher fame.

HAMLIN GARLAND was born in Wisconsin in 1860. But his father, a farmer, removed from Wisconsin to Iowa, and it was in the latter State that Mr. Garland made that personal acquaintance with actual farm-work which has given direction to his pen. In the intervals of manual labor he contrived to steal a little schooling, and in 1881 graduated from a local academy. The next year he came East for experience and exploration, travelling as far down as Maine. Then followed a winter of school-teaching in Illinois, and then a brief and unsuccessful experiment in land speculation in Dakota. In 1884 Mr. Garland established himself in Boston, and took up literature as the serious calling of his life. He found it a path sufficiently bare of primroses in its earlier stages, as what man who has ever set foot in it has not found it? Indeed, it was rather as a lecturer on literature than as an actual maker of it that Mr. Garland first forced his way, conducting private classes and talks in and around Boston very acceptably for several winters. His first book was the well-known collection of short stories, "Main Travelled Roads." Other books of his are "A Little Norsk," and "The Spoil of Office." He has also published a book of poems. Mr. Garland is, before all else, a man of ideas; and he loves his ideas, and has proved himself a lusty fighter for them. For the present Mr. Garland's residence is in New York, where he lives in company with a brother who is an actor.

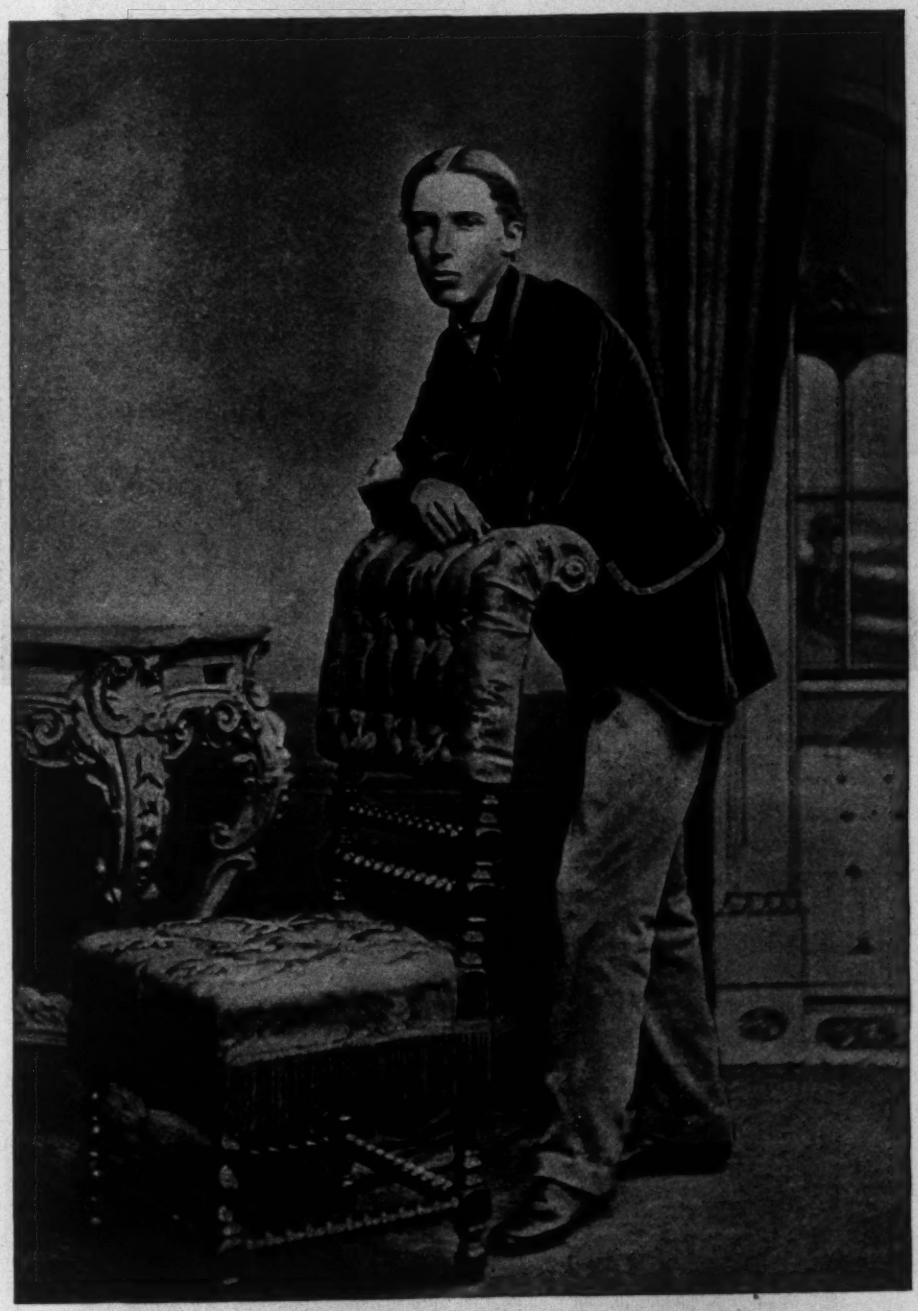
PHILIP D. ARMOUR, the third of six sons of Danforth and Julia Brooks Armour, was born May 16, 1832, at Stockbridge, Madison County, New York, whither his parents had removed six years before from Connecticut. He got such schooling as the neighborhood would afford, and then, in the spring of 1852, he left the farm on which he had been born and reared, and went with a party overland to California. He remained there only four years, and himself engaged but little in mining, the vocation of golden promise that had attracted him thither. Out of the construction of an aqueduct to supply water to those who were mining, however, he made a comfortable sum of money to carry back home with him. After a few weeks he turned his steps westward again, and brought up in Milwaukee, then a town of quite modest dimensions. Here he engaged in a grocery and commission business in partnership with Frederick B. Miles. The partnership lasted until 1863. Then followed that association with John Plankinton under which developed the enterprises that Mr. Armour directs to-day. All of Mr. Armour's brothers, save one, who died in the army in 1863, became partners of his in business, and discovered a talent for it only less than his own. Chicago, with which his name and interests are so closely identified, did not become his place of residence until 1875, when the failing health of his brother Joseph, who was in charge of the firm's Chicago offices, compelled his removal there. Mr. Armour's character and manner of life are submitted to special study elsewhere in this number of the MAGAZINE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

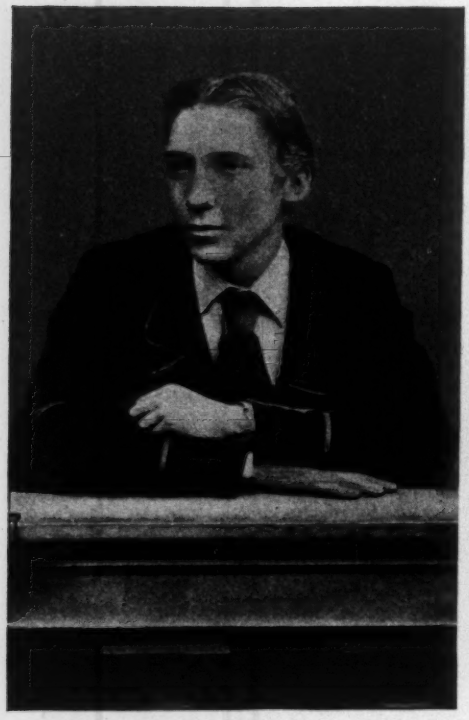
AGE 20 MONTHS. 1852.

AGE 6. 1857.

AGE 14. 1865.



AGE 19. 1870.



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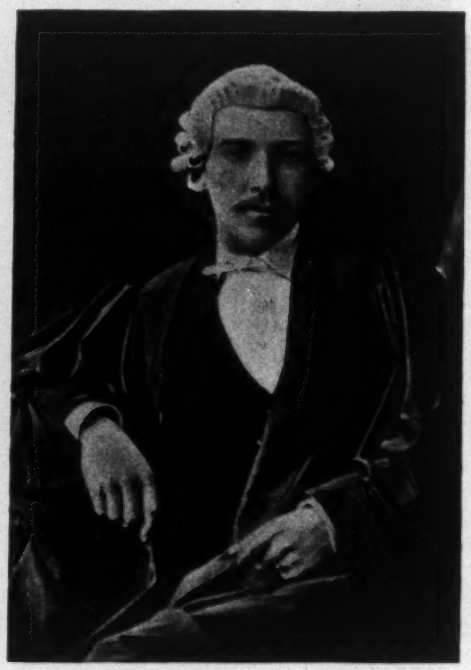
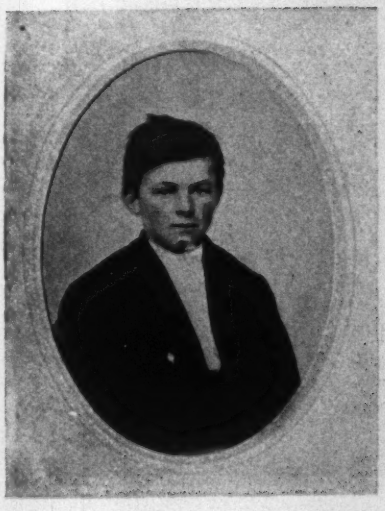


AGE 24. 1875.

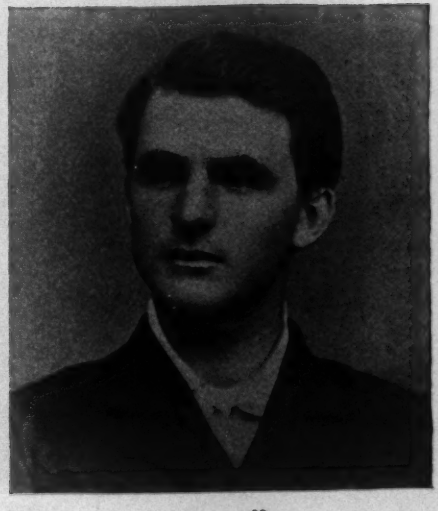
AGE 34. 1885.

AGE 42. AUSTRALIA, 1893.

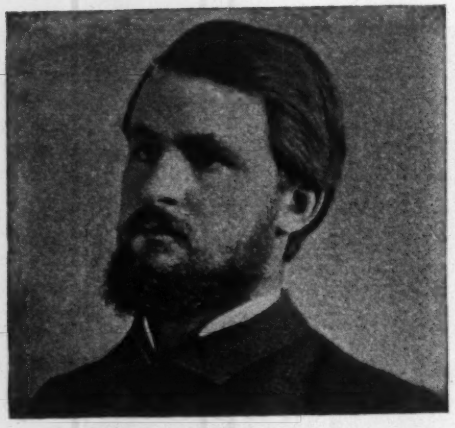
HAMLIN GARLAND.



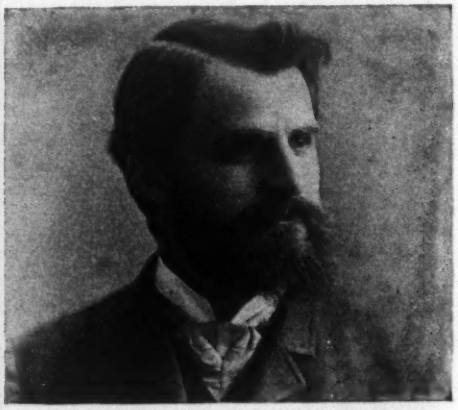
IN BOYHOOD.



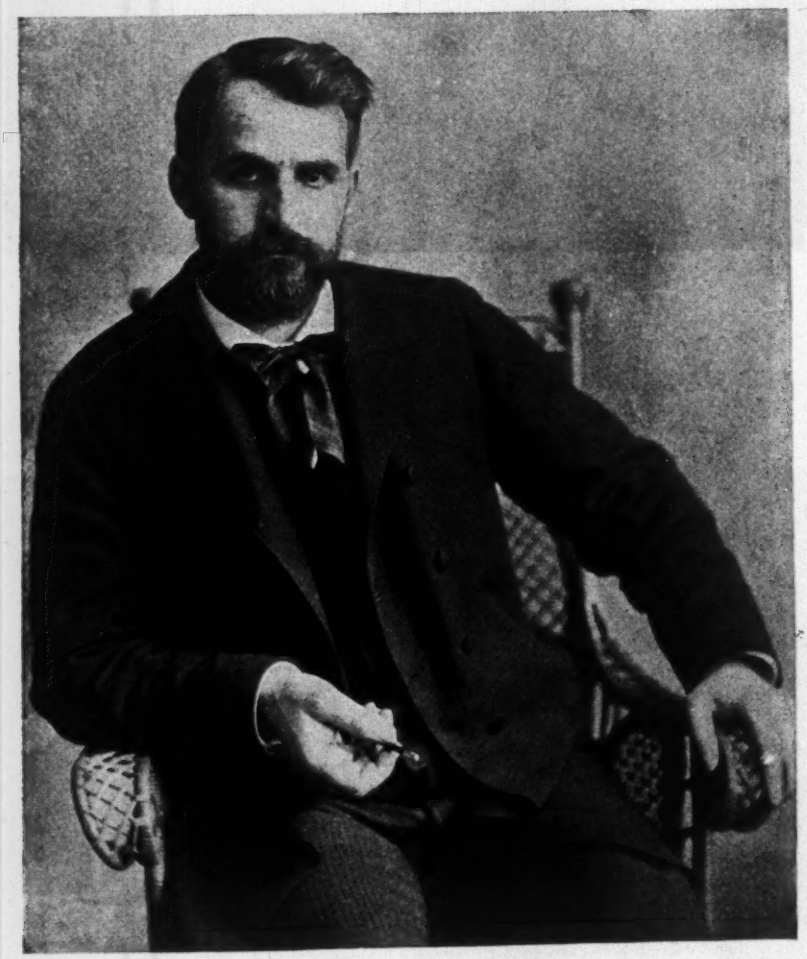
AGE 21. 1881.



AGE 23. 1883.

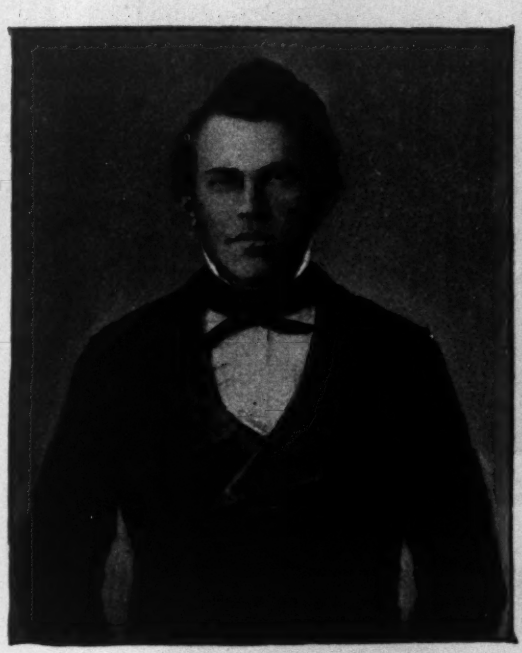


AGE 27. 1887.



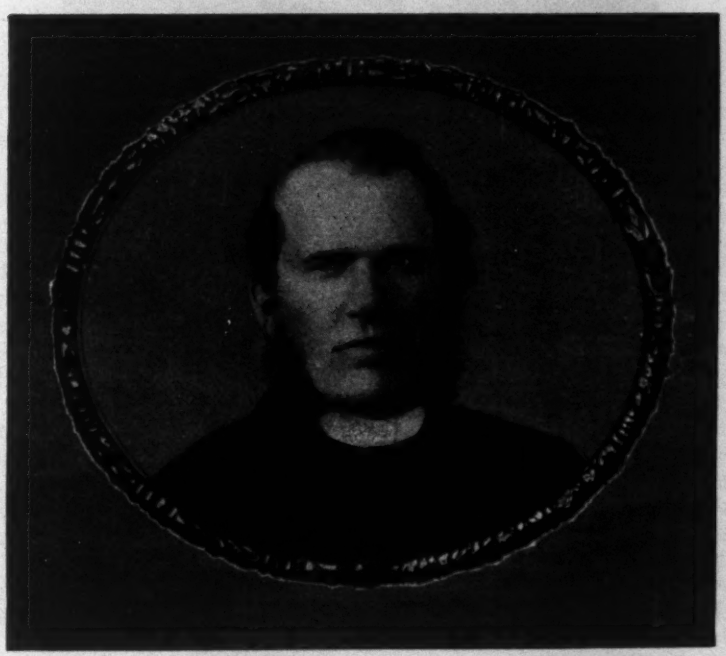
AGE 33. 1893.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR.



AGE 19. 1851.

AGE 21. 1853.



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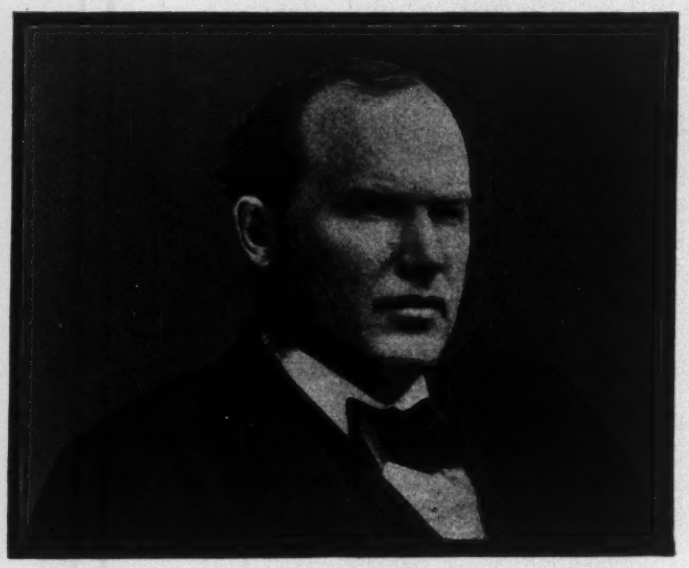
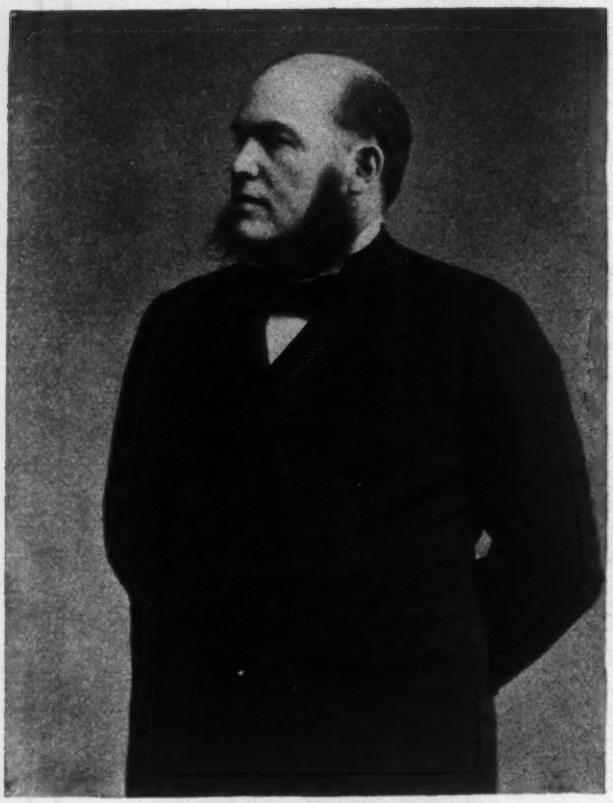


BETWEEN 1885 AND 1890.



MR. ARMOUR AT THE PRESENT TIME. AGE 61.

THE EBB TIDE.

A TRIO AND QUARTETTE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE,

Authors of "The Wrecker," etc.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

PART I.

THE TRIO.

CHAPTER I.

NIGHT ON THE BEACH.

THROUGHOUT the island world of the Pacific, scattered men of many European races and from almost every grade of society carry activity and disseminate disease. Some prosper, some vegetate. Some have mounted the steps of thrones and owned islands and navies. Others, again, must marry for a livelihood; a strapping, merry, chocolate-colored dame supports them in sheer idleness; and dressed like natives, but still retaining some foreign element of gait or attitude, still perhaps with some relic (such as a single eye-glass) of the officer and gentleman, they sprawl in palm-leaf verandas, and entertain an island audience with memoirs of the music-hall. And there are still others, less pliable, less capable, less fortunate, perhaps less base, who continue, even in these isles of plenty, to lack bread.

At the far end of the town of Papeete, three such men were seated on the beach, under a *purao* tree.

It was late. Long ago the band had broken up and marched musically home, a motley troop of men and women, merchant clerks and navy officers dancing in its wake, arms about waist and crowned with garlands. Long ago darkness and silence had gone from house to house about the tiny pagan city. Only the street lamps shone on, making a glow-worm halo in the umbrageous alleys, or drawing a tremulous image on the waters of the port. A sound of snoring ran among the piles of lumber by the Government pier. It was wafted ashore from the graceful, clipper-bottomed schooners, where they lay moored close in like

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dinghies, and their crews were stretched upon the deck, under the open sky, or huddled in a rude tent amidst the disorder of merchandise.

But the men under the *purao* had no thought of sleep. The same temperature in England would have passed without remark in summer; but it was bitter cold for the South Seas. Inanimate nature knew it, and the bottle of cocoanut oil stood frozen in every birdcage house about the island; and the men knew it, and shivered. They wore flimsy cotton clothes, the same they had sweated in by day and run the gauntlet of the tropic showers; and to complete their evil case, they had had no breakfast to mention, less dinner, and no supper at all.

In the telling South Sea phrase, these three men were *on the beach*. Common calamity had brought them acquainted, as the three most miserable English-speaking creatures in Tahiti; and beyond their misery, they knew next to nothing of each other, not even their true names. For each had made a long apprenticeship in going downward; and each, at some stage of the descent, had been shamed into the adoption of an *alias*. And yet not one of them had figured in a court of justice. Two were men of kindly virtues; and one, as he sat and shivered under the *purao*, had a tattered Virgil in his pocket.

Certainly, if money could have been raised upon the book, Robert Herrick would long ago have sacrificed that last possession. But the demand for literature, which is so marked a feature in some parts of the South Seas, extends not so far as the dead tongues; and the Virgil, which he could not exchange against a meal, had often consoled him in his hunger. He would study it, as he lay with tightened belt on the floor of the old calaboose, seeking favorite passages, and finding new ones only less beautiful because they lacked the consecration of remembrance. Or he would pause on random country walks; sit on the pathside, gazing over the sea, on the mountains of Eimeo, and dip into the Æneid, seeking *sortes*. And if the oracle (as is the way of oracles) replied with no very certain or encouraging voice, visions of England, at least, would throng upon the exile's memory—the busy schoolroom, the green playing-fields, holidays at home, and the perennial roar of London, and the fireside, and the white head of his father. For it is the destiny of those grave, restrained, and classic writers, with whom we make enforced and often painful acquaintanceship at school, to pass into the blood and become native in the memory; so that a phrase of Virgil speaks not so much of Mantua or Augustus, but of English places and the student's own irrevocable youth.

Robert Herrick was the son of an intelligent, active, and ambitious man, small partner in a considerable London house. Hopes were conceived of the boy; he was sent to a good school, gained there an Oxford scholarship, and proceeded in course to the Western university. With all his talent and taste (and he had much of both) Robert was deficient in consistency and intellectual manhood, wandered in by-paths of study, worked at music or at metaphysics when he should have been at Greek, and took at last a paltry degree. Almost at the same time the London house was disastrously wound up; Mr. Herrick must begin the world again as a clerk in a strange office, and Robert relinquish his ambitions, and accept with gratitude a career that he detested and despised. He had no head for figures, no interest in affairs, detested the constraint of hours, and despised the aims and the success of merchants. To grow rich was none of his ambitions; rather to do well. A worse or a more bold young man would have refused the destiny; perhaps tried his future with his pen; perhaps enlisted. Robert, more prudent, possibly more timid, consented to embrace that way of life in which he could most readily assist his family. But he did so with a mind divided; fled the neighborhood of former comrades; and chose, out of several positions placed at his disposal, a clerkship in New York.

His career thenceforth was one of unbroken shame. He did not drink, he was exactly honest, he was never

rude to his employers, yet was everywhere discharged. Bringing no interest to his duties, he brought no attention; his day was a tissue of things neglected and things done amiss; and from place to place, and from town to town, he carried the character of one thoroughly incompetent. No man can bear the word applied to him without some flush of color, as indeed there is none other that so emphatically slams in a man's face the door of self-respect. And to Herrick, who was conscious of talents and acquirements, who looked down upon those humble duties in which he was found wanting, the pain was the more exquisite. Early in his fall he had ceased to be able to make remittances; shortly after, having nothing but failure to communicate, he ceased writing home; and about a year before this tale begins, turned suddenly upon the streets of San Francisco by a vulgar and infuriated German Jew, he had broken the last bonds of self-respect, and upon a sudden impulse, changed his name, and invested his last dollar in a passage on the mail brigantine, the "City of Papeete." With what expectation he had trimmed his flight for the South Seas, Herrick perhaps scarcely knew. Doubtless there were fortunes to be made in pearl and copra; doubtless others, not more gifted than himself, had climbed in the island world to be queens' consorts and kings' ministers. But if Herrick had gone there with any manful purpose, he would have kept his father's name; the *alias* betrayed his moral bankruptcy; he had struck his flag; he entertained no hope to reinstate himself or help his straitened family; and he came to the islands (where he knew the climate to be soft, bread cheap, and manners easy), a skulker from life's battle and his own immediate duty. Failure, he had said, was his portion; let it be a pleasant failure.

It is fortunately not enough to say, "I will be base." Herrick continued in the islands his career of failure; but in the new scene, and under the new name, he suffered no less sharply than before. A place was got, it was lost in the old style; from the long-suffering of the keepers of restaurants, he fell to more open charity upon the wayside; as time went on, good nature became weary, and, after a repulse or two, Herrick became shy. There were women enough who would have supported a far worse and a far uglier man; Herrick never met or never knew them; or if he did both, some manlier feeling would revolt, and he preferred starvation. Drenched with rains, broiling by day, shivering by night, a disused and ruinous prison for a bedroom, his diet begged or pilfered out of rubbish heaps, his associates two creatures equally outcast with himself, he had drained for months the cup of penitence. He had known what it was to be resigned, what it was to break forth in a childish fury of rebellion against fate, and what it was to sink into the coma of despair. The time had changed him. He told himself no longer tales of an easy and perhaps agreeable declension; he read his nature otherwise; he had proved himself incapable of rising, and he now learned by experience that he could not stoop to fall. Something that was scarcely pride or strength, that was perhaps only refinement, withheld him from capitulation; but he looked on upon his own misfortune with a growing rage, and sometimes wondered at his patience.

It was now the fourth month completed, and still there was no change or sign of change. The moon, racing through a world of flying clouds of every size and shape and density, some black as inkstains, some delicate as lawn, threw the marvel of her Southern brightness over the same lovely and detested scene—the island mountains crowned with the perennial island cloud, the embowered city studded with rare lamps, the masts in the harbor, the smooth mirror of the lagoon, and the mole of the barrier-reef on which the breakers whitened. The moon shone, too, with bull's-eye sweeps, on his companions—on the stalwart frame of the American who called himself Brown, and was known to be a master-mariner in some disgrace; and on the dwarfish person, the pale eyes, and toothless smile of a vulgar and bad-hearted cockney clerk. Here was society for

Robert Herrick! The Yankee skipper was a man, at least; he had sterling qualities of tenderness and resolution; he was one whose hand you could take without a blush. But there was no redeeming grace about the other, who called himself sometimes Hay and sometimes Tomkins, and laughed at the discrepancy; who had been employed in every store in Papeete, for the creature was able in his way; who had been discharged from each in turn, for he was wholly vile; who had alienated all his old employers, so that they passed him in the street as if he were a dog, and all his old comrades, so that they shunned him as they would a creditor.

Not long before, a ship from Peru had brought an influenza, and it now raged in the island, and particularly in Papeete. From all round the *purao* arose and fell a dismal sound of men coughing, and strangling as they coughed. The sick natives, with the islander's impatience of a touch of fever, had crawled from their houses to be cool, and, squatting on the shore or on the beached canoes, painfully expected the new day. Even as the crowing of cocks goes about the country in the night, from farm to farm, accesses of coughing arose, and spread, and died in the distance, and sprang up again. Each miserable shiverer caught the suggestion from his neighbor, was torn for some minutes by that cruel ecstasy, and left spent and without voice or courage when it passed. If a man had pity to spend, Papeete beach, on that cold night and in that infected season, was a place to spend it on. And of all the sufferers, perhaps the least deserving, but surely the most pitiable, was the London clerk. He was used to another life—to houses, beds, nursing, and the dainties of the sick-room; he lay here now, in the cold open, exposed to the gusting of the wind, and with an empty belly. He was besides infirm; the disease shook him to the vitals; and his companions watched his endurance with surprise. A profound commiseration filled them and contended with and conquered their abhorrence. The disgust attendant on so ugly a sickness magnified this dislike; at the same time, and with more than compensating strength, shame for a sentiment so inhuman bound them the more straitly to his service; and even the evil they knew of him swelled their solicitude, for the thought of death is always least supportable when it draws near to the merely sensual and selfish. Sometimes they held him up; sometimes, with mistaken helpfulness, they beat him between the shoulders; and when the poor wretch lay back, ghastly and spent, after a paroxysm of coughing, they would sometimes peer into his face, doubtfully exploring it for any mark of life. There is no one but has some virtue; that of the clerk was courage; and he would make haste to reassure them in a pleasantry, not always decent.

"I'm all right, pals," he gasped once; "this is the thing to strengthen the muscles of the larynx."

"Well, you take the cake!" cried the captain.

"Oh, I'm good-plucked enough," pursued the sufferer with a broken utterance. "But it do seem bloomin' 'ard to me, that I should be the only party to be down with this form of vice, and the only one to do the funny business. I think one of you other parties might walk up. Tell a fellow something."

"The trouble is, we've nothing to tell, my son," returned the captain.

"I'll tell you, if you like, what I was thinking," said Herrick.

"Tell us anything," said the clerk. "I only want to be reminded that I ain't dead."

Herrick took up his parable, lying on his face, and speaking slowly and scarce above his breath; not like a man who has anything to say, but like one talking against time.

"Well, I was thinking this," he began. "I was thinking I lay on Papeete Beach one night—all moon and squalls, and fellows coughing—and I was cold and hungry, and down in the mouth, and was about ninety years of age, and had spent about two hundred and twenty of them on Papeete Beach. And I was thinking I wished I had a ring to rub, or had a fairy godmother, or could raise Beelzebub. And I was

trying to remember how you did it. I knew you made a ring of skulls, for I had seen that in the 'Freischütz;' and that you took off your coat and turned up your sleeves, for I had seen Formes do that when he was playing Kaspar, and you could see, by the way he went about it, it was a business he had studied; and that you ought to have something to kick up a smoke and a bad smell—I daresay a cigar might do—and that you ought to say the Lord's Prayer backward. Well, I wondered if I could do that; it seemed rather a feat, you see. And then I wondered if I could say it forward, and I thought I did. Well, no sooner had I got to *world without end*, than I saw an old man in a *pariu*, and with a mat under his arm, come along the beach from the town. He was rather a hard-favored old party, and he limped and crippled, and all the time he kept coughing. At first I didn't cotton to his looks, I thought, and then I got sorry for the old soul because he coughed so hard. I remembered we had some of that cough mixture the American consul gave the captain for Hay. It never did Hay a ha'p'orth of service, but I thought it might do the old gentleman's business for him, and stood up. '*Yorana!*' said I; '*Yorana!*' says he. 'Look here,' I said, 'I've got some first-rate stuff in a bottle; it'll fix your cough; savvy? *Harry my** and I'll measure you out a tablespoonful in the palm of my hand, for all our plate is at the banker's.' So I thought the old party came up, and the nearer he came the less I took to him. But I had passed my word, you see."

"Wot is this bloomin' drivel?" interrupted the clerk. "It's like the rot there is in tracts."

"It's a story. I used to tell them to the kids at home," said Herrick. "If it bores you, I'll drop it."

"Oh, cut along!" returned the sick man irritably. "It's better than nothing."

"Well," continued Herrick, "I had no sooner given him the cough mixture than he seemed to straighten up and change, and I saw he wasn't a Tahitian after all, but some kind of an Arab, and had a long beard on his chin. 'One good turn deserves another,' says he. 'I am a magician out of the Arabian Nights, and this mat that I have under my arm is the original carpet of Mohammed Ben Somebody-or-other. Say the word and you can have a cruise upon the carpet.' 'You don't mean to say this is the Travelling Carpet?' I cried. 'You bet I do," said he. 'You've been to America since last I read the Arabian Nights,' said I, a little suspicious. 'I should think so,' said he. 'Been everywhere. A man with a carpet like this isn't going to moulder in a semi-detached villa.' Well, that struck me as reasonable. 'All right,' I said, 'and do you mean to tell me I can get on that carpet and go straight to London, England?' I said 'London, England,' captain, because he seemed to have been so long in your part of the world. 'In the crack of a whip,' said he. I figured up the time. What is the difference between Papeete and London, captain?"

"Taking Greenwich and Point Venus, nine hours, odd minutes and seconds," replied the mariner.

"Well, that's about what I made it," resumed Herrick; "about nine hours. Calling this three in the morning, I made out I would drop into London about noon, and the idea tickled me immensely. 'There's only one bother,' I said, 'I haven't a copper cent. It would be a pity to go to London and not buy the morning "Standard."' 'Oh!' said he, 'you don't realize the conveniences of this carpet. You see this pocket? You've only got to stick your hand in, and you pull it out filled with sovereigns."

"Double-eagles, wasn't it?" inquired the captain.

"That was what it was!" cried Herrick. "I thought they seemed unusually big, and I remember now I had to go to the money changers at Charing Cross and get English silver."

"Oh, you went then?" said the clerk. "Wot did you do? Bet you had a B. and S.!"

"Well, you see, it was just as the old boy said, like the cut of a whip," said Herrick. "The one minute I was here on the beach at three in the morning,

* Come here.

the next I was in front of the Golden Cross at midday. At first I was dazzled, and covered my eyes, and there didn't seem the smallest change; the roar of the Strand and the roar of the reef were like the same ; hark to it now, and you can hear the cabs and the 'busses rolling and the streets resound ! And then at last I would look about, and there was the old place and no mistake, with the statues in the square, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the bobbies, and the sparrows, and the hacks; and I can't tell you what I felt like. I felt like crying, I believe, or dancing, or jumping clean over the Nelson column. I was like a fellow caught up out of hell and flung down into the dandiest part of heaven. Then I spotted for a hansom with a spanking horse. 'A shilling for yourself if you're there in twenty minutes,' said I to the jarvey. He went a good pace, though, of course, it was a trifle to the carpet ; and in nineteen minutes and a half I was at the door."

"What door?" asked the captain.

"Oh, a house I know of," returned Herrick.

"Bet it was a public house!" cried the clerk—only these were not his words. "And wy didn't you take the carpet there instead of trundling in a growler?"

"I didn't want to startle a quiet street," said the narrator. "Bad form. And besides, it was a hansom."

"Well, and what did you do next?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, I went in," said Herrick.

"The old folks?" asked the captain.

"That's about it," said the other, chewing a grass.

"Well, I think you are about the poorest 'and at a yarn!" cried the clerk. "Crikey, it's like 'Ministering Children.' I can tell you there would be more beer and skittles about my little jaunt. I would go and have a B. and S. for luck. Then I would get a big ulster with astrakhan fur, and take my cane, and do the la-de-da down Piccadilly. Then I would go to a slap-up restaurant, and have green peas and a bottle of fizz and a chump chop—Oh ! and I forgot, I'd 'ave some devilled w'itebait first, and green gooseberry tart, and 'ot coffee, and some of that form of vice in big bottles with a seal—Benedictine—that's the bloomin' nyme! Then I'd drop into a theatre, and pal on with some chappies, and do the dancing-rooms and bars and that, and wouldn't go 'ome till morning, till daylight doth appear. And the next day I'd 'ave water-creases, 'am, muffin, and fresh butter ; wouldn't I just? Oh, my!"

The clerk was interrupted by a fresh attack of coughing.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I would do," said the captain. "I would have none of your fancy rigs with the man driving from the mizzen cross-trees, but a plain fore-and-aft hack cab of the highest registered tonnage. First of all, I would bring up at the market and get a turkey and a sucking pig. Then I'd go to a wine merchant's and get a dozen of champagne and a dozen of some sweet wine, rich and sticky and strong, something in the port or Madeira line, the best in the store. Then I'd bear up for a toy store, and lay out twenty dollars in assorted toys for the piccaninnies; and then to a confectioner's, and take in cakes and pies and fancy bread, and that stuff with the plums in it; and then to a news agency, and buy all the papers—all the picture ones for the kids, and all the story papers for the old girl: about the Earl discovering himself to Anna Maria, and the escape of the Lady Maude from the Private Madhouse; and then I'd tell the fellow to drive home."

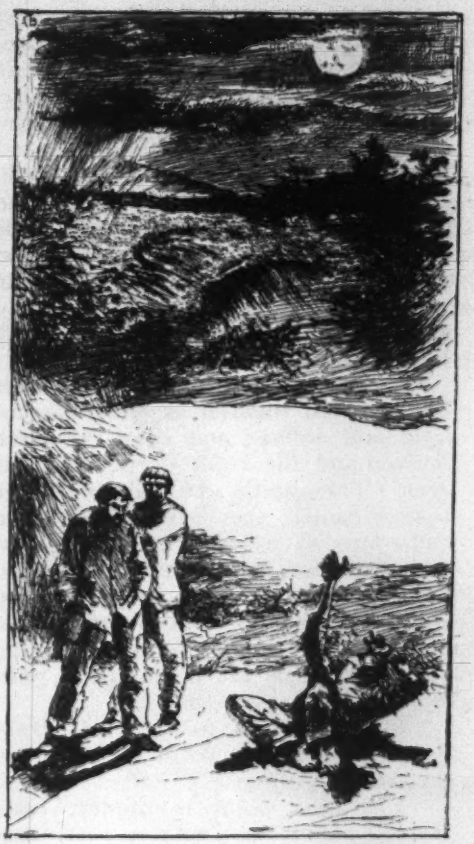
"There ought to be some syrup for the kids," suggested Herrick. "They like syrup."

"Yes, syrup for the kids, red syrup at that!" said the captain. "And those things they pull at and go pop, and have measly poetry inside. And then I tell you we'd have a Thanksgiving Day and Christmas tree combined. Great Scott, but I would like to see the kids! I guess they would light right out of the house when they saw daddy driving up. My little Ada——"

The captain stopped sharply.

"Well, keep it up," said the clerk.

"The damned thing is, I don't know



if they aren't starving!" cried the captain.

"They can't be worse off than we are, and that's one comfort," returned the clerk. "I defy the devil to make me worse off."

It seemed as if the devil heard him. The light of the moon had been some time cut off, and they had talked in darkness. Now there was heard a roar, which drew impetuously nearer; the face of the lagoon was seen to whiten, and, before they had staggered to their feet, a squall burst in rain upon the outcasts. The rage and volume of that avalanche, one must have lived in the tropics to conceive; a man panted in its assault as he might pant under a shower bath; and the world seemed whelmed in night and water.

They fled, groping for their usual shelter—it might be almost called their home—in the old calaboose; came drenched into its empty chambers, and lay down, three sops of humanity, on the cold coral floors. And presently, when the squall was overpassed, the others could hear in the darkness the chattering of the clerk's teeth.

"I say, you fellows," he wailed, "for God's sake lie up and try to warm me. I'm blymed if I don't think I'll die else!"

So the three crept together into one wet mass, and lay until day came, shivering and dozing off, and continually reawakened to wretchedness by the coughing of the clerk.

CHAPTER II.

MORNING ON THE BEACH.—THE THREE LETTERS.

THE clouds were all fled, the beauty of the tropic day was spread upon Papeete; and the wall of breaking seas upon the reef, and the palms upon the islet, already trembled in the heat. A French man-of-war was going out, homeward bound; she lay in the middle distance of the port, an ant-heap for activity. In the night a schooner had come in, and now lay far out, hard by the passage; and the yellow flag, the emblem of pestilence, flew on her. From up the coast a long procession of canoes headed round the point and toward the market, bright as a scarf with the many-colored clothing of the natives and the piles of fruit. But not even the beauty and the welcome warmth of the morning, not even these naval movements, so interesting to sailors and to idlers, could engage the attention of the outcasts. They were still cold at heart, their mouths sour from the want of sleep, their steps rambling from the lack of food; and they strung like lame geese along the beach in a disheartened silence. It was towards the town they moved; towards the town whence smoke arose, where happier folk were breakfasting; and as they went, their hungry eyes were upon all sides, but they were only scouting for a meal.

A small and dingy schooner lay snug against the quay, with which it was connected by a plank. On the forward

deck, under a spot of awning, five Kanakas, who made up the crew, were squatted round a basin of fried *feis** and drinking coffee from tin mugs.

"Eight bells; knock off for breakfast!" cried the captain with a miserable heartiness. "Never tried this craft before; positively my first appearance; guess I'll draw a bumper house."

He came close up to where the plank rested on the grassy quay, turned his back upon the schooner, and began to whistle that lively air, "The Irish Washerwoman." It caught the ears of the Kanaka seamen like a preconcerted signal. With one accord they looked up from their meal and crowded to the ship's side, *fei* in hand, and munching as they looked. Even as a poor brown Pyrenean bear dances in the streets of English towns under his master's baton, even so, but with how much more of spirit and precision, the captain footed it in time to his own whistling, and his long morning shadow capered beyond him on the grass. The Kanakas smiled on the performance; Herrick looked on heavy-eyed, hunger for the moment conquering all sense of shame; and a little farther off, but still hard by, the clerk was torn by the seven devils of the influenza.

The captain stopped suddenly, appeared to perceive his audience for the first time, and represented the part of a man surprised in his private hour of pleasure.

"Hello!" said he.

The Kanakas clapped hands and called upon him to go on.

"No, *sir!*" said the captain. "No eat, no dance. Savvy?"

"Poor old man!" returned one of the crew. "Him no eat?"

"Lord, no!" said the captain. "Like-um too much eat. No got."

"All right. Me got," said the sailor. "You tome here. Plenty toffee, plenty *fei*. Nutha man him tome too."

"I guess we'll drop right in," observed the captain; and he and his companions hastened up the plank. They were welcomed on board with the shaking of hands; place was made for them about the basin; a sticky demijohn of molasses was added to the feast in honor of company, and an accordion brought from the forecastle, and significantly laid by the performer's side.

"*Ariana*," * said he, lightly touching the instrument as he spoke; and he fell to on a long savory *fei*, made an end of it, raised his mug of coffee, and nodded across at the spokesman of the crew. "Here's your health, old man. You're a credit to the South Pacific," said he.

With the unsightly greed of hounds they glutted themselves with the hot food and coffee; and even the clerk revived and the color deepened in his eyes. The kettle was drained, the basin cleaned; their entertainers, who had waited on their wants throughout with the pleased hospitality of Polynesians, made haste to bring forward a dessert of island tobacco and rolls of pandanus leaf to serve as paper, and presently all sat about the dishes, puffing like Indian sachems.

"When a man 'as breakfast every day, he don't know wot it is," observed the clerk.

"The next point is dinner," said Herrick; and then with a passionate utterance: "I wish to God I was a Kanaka!"

"There's one thing sure," said the captain. "I'm about desperate. I'd rather hang than rot here much longer." And with the word he took the accordion and struck up "Home, Sweet Home."

"Oh, drop that!" cried Herrick. "I can't stand that."

"No more can I," said the captain. "I've got to play something, though; got to pay the shot, my son." And he struck up "John Brown's Body" in a fine, sweet baritone; "Dandy Jim of Carolina" came next; "Rorin the Bold," "Swing low, sweet chariot," and "The Beautiful Land" followed. The captain was paying his shot with usury, as he had done many a time before; many a meal had he bought with the same currency from the melodious-minded natives, always, as now, to their delight.

* *Fei* is the hill banana.

* By and by.

He was in the middle of "Fifteen dollars in the inside pocket," singing with dogged energy, for the task went sore against the grain, when a sensation was suddenly to be observed among the crew.

"Tapena Tom *harry my*," * said the spokesman, pointing.

And the three beach-combers, following his indication, saw the figure of a man in pajama trousers and a white jumper approaching briskly from the town.

"That's Tapena Tom, is it?" said the captain, pausing in his music. "I don't seem to place the brute."

"We'd better cut," said the clerk. "'E's no good."

"Well," said the musician deliberately, "one can't most generally always tell. I'll try it on, I guess. Music has charms to soothe the savage tapena, boys. We might strike it rich; it might amount to iced punch in the cabin."

"Hiced punch? Oh, my!" said the clerk. "Give him something 'ot, captain. 'Way down the Swanee River;' try that."

"No *sir!* Looks Scotch," said the captain; and he struck, for his life, into "Auld Lang Syne."

Captain Tom continued to approach with the same business-like alacrity; no change was to be perceived in his bearded face as he came swinging up the plank; he did not even turn his eyes on the performer.

"We twa hae paidled in the burn
Frae morning tide till dine,"

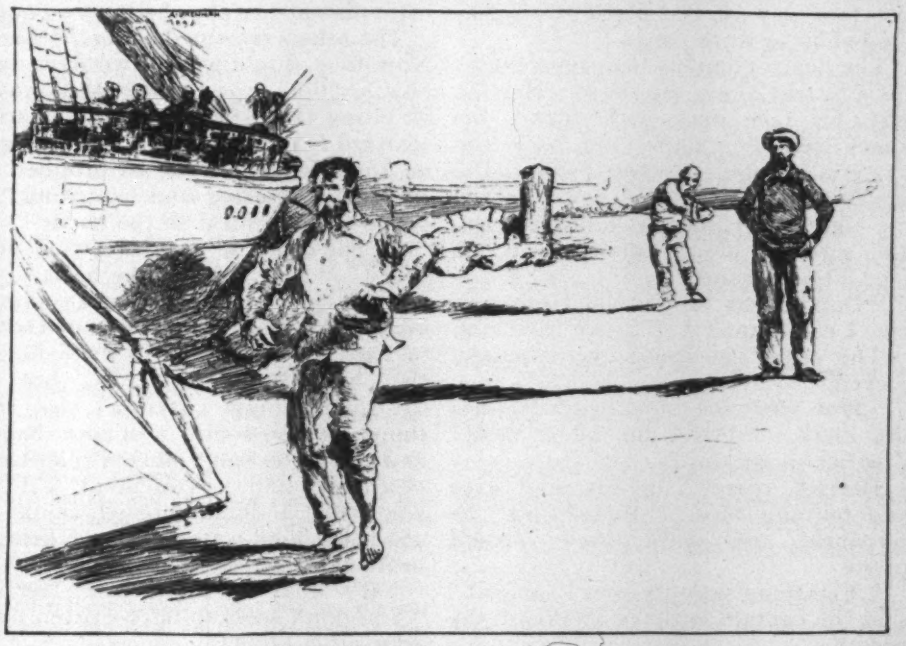
went the song.

Captain Tom had a parcel under his arm, which he laid on the house-roof, and then, turning suddenly to the strangers, "Here, you!" he bellowed, "be off out of that!"

The clerk and Herrick stood not on the order of their going, but fled incontinently by the plank. The performer, on the other hand, flung down the instrument and rose to his full height slowly.

"What's that you say?" he said. "I've half a mind to give you a lesson in civility."

"You set up any more of your gab to me," returned the Scotchman, "and I'll show ye the wro-ang side of a jyle. I've heard tell of the three of ye.



* Captain Tom is coming.

Ye're not long for here, I can tell ye that. The Goavernment has their eyes upon ye. They make shoart work of damned beach-combers, I'll say that for the French."

"You wait till I catch you off your ship!" cried the captain; and then turning to the crew, "Good-by, you fellows!" he said. "You're gentlemen, anyway! The worst nigger among you would look better upon a quarter-deck than that filthy Scotchman."

Captain Tom scorned to reply. He watched with a hard smile the departure of his guests, and as soon as the last foot was off the plank, turned to the hands to work cargo.

The beach-combers beat their inglorious retreat along the shore; Herrick first, his face dark with blood, his knees trembling under him with the hysteria of rage. Presently, under the same *purao* where they had shivered the night before, he cast himself down, and groaned aloud, and ground his face into the sand.

"Don't speak to me! don't speak to me. I can't stand it!" broke from him.

The other two stood over him perplexed.

"Wot can't he stand now?" said the clerk. "'Asn't he 'ad a meal? *I'm* lickin' my lips."

Herrick reared up his wild eyes and burning face. "I can't beg," he screamed, and again threw himself prone.

"This thing's got to come to an end," said the captain with an intake of the breath.

"Looks like signs of an end, don't it?" sneered the clerk.

"He's not so far from it, and don't you deceive yourself," replied the captain. "Well," he added in a livelier voice, "you fellows hang on here, and I'll go and interview my representative."

Whereupon he turned on his heel, and set off at a swinging sailor's walk towards Papeete.

It was some half-hour later when he returned. The clerk was dozing with his back against the tree; Herrick still lay where he had flung himself; nothing showed whether he slept or waked.

"See, boys!" cried the captain, with that artificial heartiness of his which was at times so painful, "here's a new idea." And he produced note-paper, stamped envelopes, and pencils, three of each. "We can all write home by the mail brigantine. The consul says I can come over to his place and ink up the addresses."

"Well, that's a start, too," said the clerk. "I never thought of that."

"It was that yarning last night about going home that put me up to it," said the captain.

"Well, 'and over," said the clerk. "I'll have a shy." And he retired a little distance to the shade of a canoe.

The others remained under the *purao*. Now they would write a word or two, now scribble it out; now they would sit biting at the pencil-end and staring seaward; now their eyes would rest on the clerk where he sat propped on the canoe, leering and coughing, his pencil racing glibly on the paper.

"I can't do it," said Herrick suddenly. "I haven't got the heart."

"See here," said the captain, speaking with unwonted gravity. "It may be hard to write, and to write lies at that, and God knows it is; but it's the square thing. It don't cost anything to say you're well and happy, and sorry you can't make a remittance this mail; and if you don't, I'll tell you what I think it is—I think it's about the high-water mark of being a brute beast."

"It's easy to talk," said Herrick. "You don't seem to have written much yourself, I notice."

"What do you bring in me for?" broke from the captain. His voice was indeed scarce raised above a whisper, but emotion clanged in it. "What do you know about me? If you had commanded the finest barque that ever sailed from Portland; if you had been drunk in your berth when she struck the breakers in Fourteen Island Group, and hadn't had the wit to stay there and drown, but come on deck, and given drunken orders, and lost six lives—I could understand your talking then! There," he said more quietly, "that's my yarn, and now you know it. It's a pretty one for the father of a family. Five men and a woman

murdered. Yes, there was a woman on board, and hadn't no business to be either. Guess I sent her to hell, if there is such a place. I never dared go home again ; and the wife and the little ones went to England to her father's place. I don't know what's come to them," he added with a bitter shrug.

"Thank you, Captain," said Herrick. "I never liked you better."

They shook hands, short and hard, with eyes averted, tenderness swelling in their bosoms.

"Now, boys! to work again at lying!" said the captain.

"I'll give my father up," returned Herrick with a writhen smile. "I'll try my sweetheart, instead, for a change of evils."

And here is what he wrote :

"EMMA,—I have scratched out the beginning to my father, for I think I can write more easily to you. This is my last farewell to all ; the last you will ever hear or see of an unworthy friend and son. I have failed in life. I am quite broken down and disgraced. I pass under a false name. You will have to tell my father that, with all your kindness. It is my own fault. I know, had I chosen, that I might have done well; and yet, I swear to you, I tried to choose. I could not bear that you should think I did not try. For I loved you all ; you must never doubt me in that, you least of all. I have always unceasingly loved, but what was my love worth, and what was I worth? I had not the manhood of a common clerk. I could not work to earn you. I have lost you now, and for your sake I could be glad of it. When you first came to my father's house—do you remember those days? I want you to—you saw the best of me then, all that was good in me. Do you remember the day I took your hand and would not let it go? And the day on Battersea Bridge, when we were looking at a barge, and I began to tell one of my silly stories, and broke off to say I loved you? That was the beginning, and now here is the end. When you have read this letter, you will go round and kiss them all good-by—my father and mother, and the children, one by one, and poor uncle ; and tell them all to forget me, and forget me yourself. Turn the key in the door ; let no thought of me return ; be done with the poor ghost that pretended he was a man and stole your love. Scorn of myself grinds in me as I write. I should tell you I am well and happy and want for nothing. I do not exactly make money, or I should send a remittance ; but I am well cared for, have friends, live in a beautiful place and climate, such as we have dreamed of together, and no pity need be wasted on me. In such places, you understand, it is easy to live, and live well, but often hard to make sixpence in money. Explain this to my father ; he will understand. I have no more to say ; only linger, going out, like an unwilling guest. God in heaven bless you! Think of me, at the last, here, on a bright beach, the sky and sea immoderately blue, and the great breakers roaring outside on a barrier-reef, where a little isle sits green with palms. I am well and strong. It is a more pleasant way to die than if you were crowding about me on a sick-bed. And yet I am dying. This is my last kiss. Forgive, forget, the unworthy."

So far he had written ; his paper was all filled, when there returned a memory of evenings at the piano, and that song, the masterpiece of love, in which so many have found the expression of their dearest thoughts: *Einst, O Wunder!* he added. More was not required; he knew that, in his love's heart, the context would spring up, escorted with fair images and harmony ; of how all through life her name should tremble in his ears, her name be everywhere repeated in the sounds of nature ; and when death came and he lay dissolved, her memory linger and thrill among his elements.

"Once, O wonder! once from the ashes of my heart
Arose a blossom——"

Herrick and the captain finished their letters about the same time ; each was breathing deep, and their eyes met and were averted as they closed the envelopes.

"Sorry I write so big," said the captain gruffly. "Came all of a rush, when it did come."

"Same here," said Herrick. "I could have done with a ream when I got started ; but it's long enough for all the good I had to say."

They were still at the addresses when the clerk strolled up, smirking, and twirling his envelope, like a man well pleased. He looked over Herrick's shoulder.

"Hullo," he said, "you ain't writing 'ome."

"I am, though," said Herrick. "She lives with my father. Oh, I see what you mean," he added. "My real name is Herrick. No more Hay"—they had both used the same *alias*—"no more Hay than yours, I dare say."

"Clean bowled in the middle stump," laughed the clerk. "My name's 'Uish, if you want to know. Everybody has a false nyme in the Pacific. Lay you five to three the captain 'as."

"So I have, too," replied the captain, "and I've never told my own since the day I tore the title page out of my Bowditch and flung the damned thing into the sea. But I'll tell it to you, boys. John Davis is my name. I'm Davis of the 'Sea Ranger.'"

"Dooce you are!" said Huish. "And what was she, a pirate or a slyver?"

"She was the fastest barque out of Portland, Maine," replied the captain; "and for the way I lost her, I might as well have bored a hole in her side with an auger."

"Oh, you lost her, did you?" said the clerk. "'Ope she was insured."

No answer being returned to this sally, Huish, still brimming over with vanity and conversation, struck into another subject.

"I've a good mind to read you my letter," said he. "I've a good fist with a pen when I choose, and this is a prime lark. She was a barmaid I ran across in Northampton; she was a spanking fine piece, no end of style; and we cottoned at first sight like parties in the play. I suppose I spent the chynge of a fiver on that girl. Well, I 'appened to remember her nyme, so I wrote to her, and told her 'ow I had got rich, and married a queen in the Hislands, and lived in a blooming palace. Such a sight of crammers! I must read you one bit about my opening the nigger parliament in a cocked 'at. It's really prime."

The captain jumped to his feet. "That's what you did with the paper that I went and begged for you?" he roared.

It was perhaps lucky for Huish—it was surely in the end unfortunate for all—that he was seized just then by one of his prostrating accesses of cough; his comrades would have else deserted him, so bitter was their resentment. When the fit had passed, the clerk reached out his hand, picked up the letter which had fallen to the earth, and tore it into fragments, stamp and all.

"Does that satisfy you?" he asked sullenly.

"We'll say no more about it," replied Davis.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD CALABOOSE.—DESTINY AT THE DOOR.

THE old calaboose, in which the waifs had so long harbored, was a low, rectangular enclosure of building, at the corner of a shady western avenue, and a little townward of the British Consulate. Within was a grassy court, littered with wreckage and the traces of vagrant occupation. Six or seven cells opened from the court; the doors, that had once been locked on mutinous whalermen, rotting before them in the grass. No mark remained of their old destination, except the rusty bars upon the windows.

The floor of one of the cells had been a little cleared; a bucket (the last remaining piece of furniture of the three caitiffs) stood full of water by the door, a half cocoanut-shell beside it for a drinking-cup; and on some ragged ends of mat Huish sprawled asleep, his mouth open, his face deathly. The glow of the tropic afternoon, the green of sun-bright foliage, stared into that shady place through door and window; and Herrick, pacing to and fro on the coral floor, sometimes paused, and laved his face and neck with tepid water from the bucket. His long arrears of suffering, the night's vigil, the insults of the morning, and the harrowing business of the letter, had strung him to that point when pain is almost pleasure, time shrinks to a mere point, and death and life appear indifferent. To and fro he paced like a caged brute, his mind whirling through the universe of thought and memory; his eyes, as he went, skimming the legends on the wall. The crumbling whitewash was all full of them—Tahitian names, and French and English, and rude sketches of ships under sail, and men at fisticuffs.

It came to him of a sudden that he too must leave upon these walls the memorial of his passage. He paused before a clean space, took the pencil

out, and pondered. Vanity, so hard to dislodge, awoke in him. We call it vanity, at least; perhaps unjustly. Rather it was the bare sense of his existence prompted him; the sense of his life, the one thing wonderful, to which he scarce clung with a finger. From his jarred nerves there came a strong sentiment of coming change; whether good or ill, he could not say: change—he knew no more—change, with inscrutable, veiled face, approaching noiseless. With the feeling came the vision of a concert-room, the rich hues of instruments, the silent audience, and the loud voice of the symphony. "Destiny knocking at the door," he thought, drew a stave on the plaster, and wrote in the famous phrase from the Fifth Symphony. "So," thought he, "they will know that I loved music and had classical tastes. They? He, I suppose; the unknown, kindred spirit that shall come some day and read my *memor querela*. Ha! he shall have Latin too." And he added: "*Terque quaterque beati quis ante ora patrum.*"

He turned again to his uneasy pacing, but now with an irrational and supporting sense of duty done. He had dug his grave that morning; now he had carved his epitaph; the folds of the toga were composed, why should he delay the insignificant trifle that remained to do? He paused and looked long in the face of the sleeping Huish, drinking disenchantment and distaste of life. He nauseated himself with that vile countenance. Could the thing continue? What bound him now? Had he no rights? Only the obligation to go on, without discharge or furlough, bearing the unbearable? *Ich trage unerträgliches;* the quotation rose in his mind. He repeated the whole piece, one of the most perfect of the most perfect of poets; and a phrase struck him like a blow: *Du, stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt.* Where was the pride of his heart? And he raged against himself, as a man bites on a sore tooth, in a heady sensuality of scorn. "I have no pride, I have no heart, no manhood," he thought, "or why should I prolong a life more shameful than the gallows? Or why should I have fallen to it? No pride, no capacity, no force. Not even a bandit. And to be starving here with worse than banditti—with this trivial hell-hound!" His rage against his comrade rose and flooded him, and he shook a trembling fist at the sleeper.

A swift step was audible. The captain appeared upon the threshold of the cell, panting and flushed and with a foolish face of happiness. In his

arms he carried a loaf of bread and bottles of beer; the pockets of his coat were bulging with cigars. He rolled his treasures on the floor, grasped Herrick by both hands, and crowed with laughter.

"Broach the beer!" he shouted. "Broach the beer, and glory hallelujah!"

"Beer?" repeated Huish, struggling to his feet.

"Beer it is!" cried Davis. "Beer, and plenty of it. Any number of persons can use it (like Lyon's tooth tablet) with perfect propriety and neatness. Who's to officiate?"

"Leave me alone for that," said the clerk. He knocked the necks off with a lump of coral, and each drank in succession from the shell.

"Have a weed?" said Davis. "It's all in the bill."

"What is up?" asked Herrick.

The captain fell suddenly grave. "I'm coming to that," said he. "I want to speak with Herrick here. You, Hay—or Huish, or whatever your name is—you take a weed and the other bottle, and go and see how the wind is down by the *purao*. I'll call you when you're wanted."

"Hey? Secrets? That ain't the ticket," said Huish.

"Look here, my son," said the captain, "this is business, and don't you make any mistake about it. If you're going to make trouble, you can have it in your own way and stop right here. Only get the thing right; if Herrick and I go, we take the beer. Savvy?"

"Oh, I don't want to shove my oar in," returned Huish. "I'll cut right enough. Give me the swipes. You can jaw till you're blue in the face, for what I care. I don't think it's the friendly touch; that's all." And he shambled, grumbling, out of the cell into the staring sun.

The captain watched him clear of the courtyard, then turned to Herrick.

"What is it?" asked Herrick, thickly.

"I'll tell you," said Davis. "I want to consult you. It's a chance we've got. What's that?" he cried, pointing to the music on the wall.

"What?" said the other. "Oh, that! It's music; it's a phrase of Beethoven's I was writing up. It means destiny knocking at the door."

"Does it?" said the captain, rather low, and he went near and studied the inscription; "and this French?" he asked, pointing to the Latin.

"Oh, it just means I should have been luckier if I had died at home," returned Herrick, impatiently. "What is this business?"

"Destiny knocking at the door," repeated the captain; and then, looking over his shoulder, "Well, Mr. Herrick, that's about what it comes to," he added.

"What do you mean? Explain yourself," said Herrick.

But the captain was again staring at the music. "About how long ago since you wrote up this truck?" he asked.

"What does it matter?" exclaimed Herrick. "I dare say half an hour."

"My God, it's strange!" cried Davis. "There's some men would call that accidental; not me. That—" and he drew his thick finger under the music —"that's what I call providence."

"You said we had a chance?" asked Herrick.

"Yes, *sir!*" said the captain, wheeling suddenly face to face with his companion. "I did so. If you're the man I take you for, we have a chance."

"I don't know what you take me for," was the reply. "You can scarce take me too low."

"Shake hands, Mr. Herrick," said the captain. "I know you. You're a gentleman and a man of spirit. I didn't want to speak before that bummer there; you'll see why. But to you I'll rip it right 'out. I got a ship."

"A ship?" cried Herrick. "What ship?"

"That schooner we saw this morning off the passage."

"The schooner with the hospital flag?"

"That's the hooker," said Davis. "She's the 'Farallone,' hundred and sixty tons register, out of 'Frisco for Sydney, in California champagne. Captain, mate, and one hand all died of small-pox, same as they had round in

the Paumotus, I guess. Captain and mate were the only white men; all the hands Kanakas; seems a queer kind of outfit from a Christian port. Three of them left and a cook; didn't know where they were; I can't think where they were either, if you come to that; Wiseman must have been upon the booze, I guess, to sail the course he did. However, there *he* was dead; and here are the Kanakas as good as lost. They bummed around at sea like the babes in the wood, and tumbled end-on upon Tahiti. The consul here took charge. He offered the berth to Williams; Williams had never had the small-pox and backed down. That was when I came in for the letter-paper. I thought there was something up when the consul asked me to look in again; but I never let on to you fellows, so's you'd not be disappointed. Consul tried M'Neil; scared of small-pox. He tried Capirati, that Corsican, and Leblue, or whatever his name is; wouldn't lay a hand on it; all too fond of their sweet lives. Last of all, when there wasn't nobody else left to offer it to, he offers it to me. 'Brown, will you ship captain and take her to Sydney?' says he. 'Let me choose my own mate and another white hand,' says I, 'for I don't hold with this Kanaka crew racket; give us all two months' advance to get our clothes and instruments out of pawn, and I'll take stock to-night, fill up stores, and get to sea to-morrow before dark!' That's what I said. 'That's good enough,' says the consul, 'and you can count yourself damned lucky, Brown,' says he. And he said it pretty meaningful-appearing, too. However, that's all one now. I'll ship Huish before the mast—of course I'll let him berth aft—and I'll ship you mate at seventy-five dollars and two months' advance."

"Me mate? Why, I'm a landsman!" cried Herrick.

"Guess you've got to learn," said the captain. "You don't fancy I'm going to skip and leave you rotting on the beach perhaps? I'm not that sort, old man. And you're handy, anyway; I've been shipmates with worse."

"God knows I can't refuse," said Herrick. "God knows I thank you from my heart."

"That's all right," said the captain. "But it ain't all." He turned aside to light a cigar.

"What else is there?" asked the other, with a pang of indefinable alarm.

"I'm coming to that," said Davis, and then paused a little. "See here," he began, holding out his cigar between his finger and thumb, "suppose you figure up what this'll amount to. You don't catch on? Well, we get two months' advance; we can't get away from Papeete—our creditors wouldn't let us go—for less. It'll take us along about two months to get to Sydney; and when we get there—I just want to put it to you squarely—what the better are we?"

"We're off the beach, at least," said Herrick.

"I guess there's a beach at Sydney," returned the captain; "and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Herrick—I don't mean to try. No, *sir!* Sydney will never see me."

"Speak out plain," said Herrick.

"Plain Dutch," replied the captain, "I'm going to own that schooner. It's nothing new; it's done every year in the Pacific. Stephens stole a schooner the other day, didn't he? Hayes and Pease stole vessels all the time. And it's the making of the crowd of us. See here, you think of that cargo. Champagne! Why, it's like as if it was put up on purpose. In Peru we'll sell that liquor off at the pier head, and the schooner after it, if we can find a fool to buy her, and then light out for the mines. If you'll back me up, I stake my life I'll carry it through."

"Captain," said Herrick with a quailing voice, "don't do it!"

"I'm desperate," returned Davis. "I've got a chance; I may never get another. Herrick, say the word; back me up. I think we've starved together long enough for that."

"I can't do it. I'm sorry. I can't do it. I've not fallen as low as that," said Herrick, deadly pale.

"What did you say this morning?" said Davis. "That you couldn't beg? It's the one thing or the other, my son."

"Ah, but this is the jail!" cried Herrick. "Don't tempt me. It's the jail."

"Did you hear what the skipper said on board that schooner?" pursued the captain. "Well, I tell you he talked straight. The French have let us alone a long time; it can't last longer. They've got their eye on us, and as sure as you live, in three weeks you'll be in jail, whatever you do. I read it in the consul's face."

"You forget, captain," said the young man. "There is another way. I can die; and to say truth, I think I should have died three years ago."

The captain folded his arms and looked the other in the face. "Yes," said he, "yes, you can cut your throat; that's a frozen fact. Much good may it do you! And where do I come in?"

The light of a strange excitement came in Herrick's face. "Both of us," said he, "both of us together. It's not possible you can enjoy this business. Come," and he reached out a timid hand, "a few strokes in the lagoon—and rest!"

"I tell you, Herrick, I'm most tempted to answer you the way the man does in the Bible, and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'" said the captain. "What! you think I would go drown myself, and I got children starving? Enjoy it? No, by God! I do not enjoy it; but it's the row I've got to hoe, and I'll hoe it till I drop right here. I have three of them, you see, two boys and the one girl, Ada. The trouble is that you are not a parent yourself. I tell you, Herrick, I love you," the man broke out. "I didn't take to you at first, you were so Anglified and tony, but I love you now; it's a man that loves you stands here and wrestles with you. I can't go to sea with the bummer alone; it's not possible. Go drown yourself, and there goes my last chance—the last chance of a poor, miserable beast earning a crust to feed his family. I can't do nothing but sail ships, and I've no papers. And here I get a chance, and you go back on me! Ah, you've no family, and that's where the trouble is!"

"I have indeed," said Herrick.

"Yes, I know," said the captain, "you think so. But no man's got a family till he's got children. It's only the kids count. There's something about the little shavers— I can't talk of them. And if you thought a cent about this father that I hear you talk of, or that sweetheart you were writing to this morning, you would feel like me. You would say, 'What matter laws, and God, and that? My folks are hard up; I belong to them. I'll get them bread or, by God! I'll get them wealth, if I have to burn down London for it.' That's what you would say. And I'll tell you more: your heart is saying so this living minute. I can see it in your face. You're thinking, 'Here's poor friendship for the man I've starved along of; and as for the girl that I set up to be in love with, here's a mighty limp kind of a love that won't carry me as far as 'most any man would go for a demijohn of whiskey.' There's not much *ro*mance to that love, anyway; it's not the kind they carry on about in song books. But what's the good of my carrying on talking, when it's all in your inside as plain as print. I put the question to you once for all. Are you going to desert me in my hour of need—you know if I've deserted you—or will you give me your hand, and try a fresh deal, and go home (as like as not) a millionnaire? Say no, and God pity me! Say yes, and I'll make the little ones pray for you every night on their bended knees. 'God bless Mr. Herrick!' that's what they'll say, one after the other, the old girl sitting there holding stakes at the foot of the bed, and the damned little innocents —" He broke off. "I don't often rip out about the kids," he said, "but when I do, there's something fetches loose."

"Captain," said Herrick, faintly, "is there nothing else?"

"I'll prophesy if you like," said the captain, with renewed vigor. "Refuse this because you think yourself too honest, and before a month's out you'll be jailed for a sneak-thief. I give you the word fair. I can see it, Herrick, if you can't; you're breaking down. Don't think, if you refuse this chance, that you'll go on doing the evangelical; you're about through with your stock,

and before you know where you are, you'll be right out on the other side. No, it's either this for you, or else it's Caledonia. I bet you never were there, and saw those white, shaved men, in their dust clothes and straw hats, prowling around in gangs in the lamplight at Noumea; they look like wolves, and they look like preachers, and they look like the sick. Huish is a daisy to the best of them. Well, there's your company. They're waiting for you, Herrick, and you got to go; and that's a prophecy."

And as the man stood and shook through his great stature, he seemed, indeed, like one in whom the spirit of divination worked and might utter oracles. Herrick looked at him and looked away; it seemed not decent to spy upon such agitation, and the young man's courage sank.

"You talk of going home," he objected. "We could never do that."

"*We* could," said the other. "Captain Brown couldn't, nor a Mr. Hay that shipped mate with him couldn't. But what's that to do with Captain Davis or Mr. Herrick, you galoot?"

"But Hayes had these wild islands where he used to call," came the next, fainter objection.

"We have the wild islands of Peru," retorted Davis. "They were wild enough for Stephens no longer agone than just last year. I guess they'll be wild enough for us."

"And the crew?"

"All Kanakas. Come, I see you're right, old man. I see you'll stand by." And the captain once more offered his hand.

"Have it your own way, then," said Herrick. "I'll do it. A strange thing for my father's son. But I'll do it. I'll stand by you, man, for good or evil."

"God bless you!" cried the captain, and stood silent. "Herrick," he added, with a smile, "I believe I'd have died in my tracks if you'd have said no."

And Herrick, looking at the man, half believed so also.

"And now we'll go break it to the bummer," said Davis.

"I wonder how he'll take it," said Herrick.

"Him? Jump at it!" was the reply.

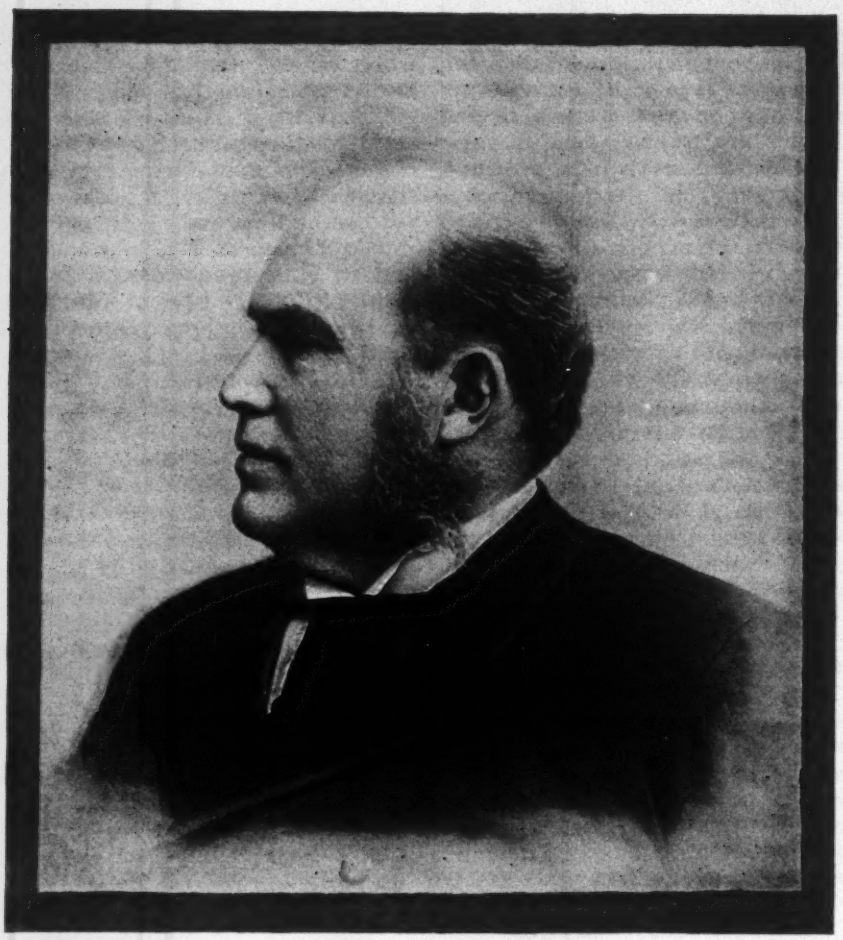
(To be continued.)

SAILORS' SONG.

By Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! Our wide-winged bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE, HIS IMMENSE ENTERPRISES IN TRADE AND PHILANTHROPY.

By Arthur Warren.

I WAS much impressed in Chicago with the response which always followed my question: "If you were to select one man as representative of your Western life, ideas, ability—representative in success, and representative in personal character—whom would you name?" The reply was always, "Philip D. Armour."

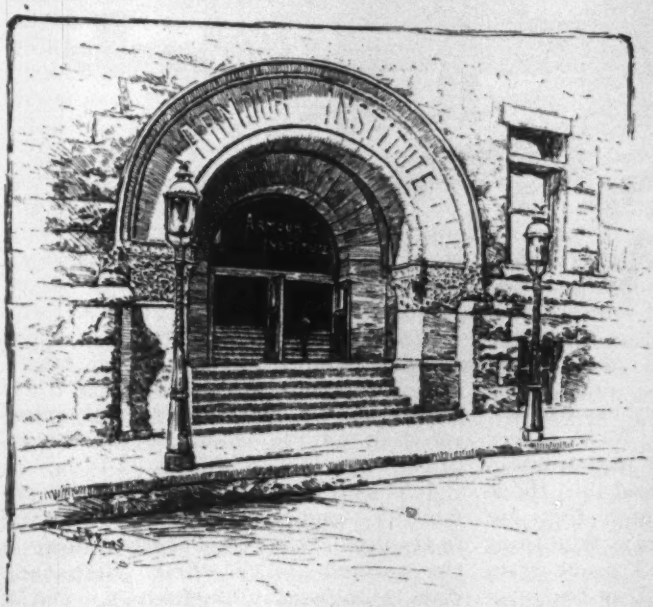
I had not met Mr. Armour; I had never seen him. I had gone to Chicago with an eye unused to Western perspectives, and for that reason the editor of this Magazine had enjoined on me to set down some of my impressions. "Choose for your topic," he had said, "something representative of Chicago; by preference a Chicago man." Hence my inquiry, plainly put

through the city on the lake shore. There was no variety in the response. It came always, "Philip D. Armour," or "Phil Armour," as the case might be.

In trying to make a pen-picture of Mr. Armour as I found him, when at last I did come to see him, I can hardly weave the words of it into the dialogue form which the editor of this MAGAZINE so greatly favors. The difficulty is two-fold: First, Mr. Armour will never, in any circumstances, talk about himself; second, on any theme he is a man of few words. Once, when I asked him if he would say in the fewest possible words how he had accomplished so much, he replied: "By keeping my mouth shut." Indeed, I found Mr. Armour more modest than I ever supposed a multi-millionnaire could be. And he was humorously tactful into the bargain. Desiring to avoid anything like personal glory in printer's ink, he said with a quiet laugh: "Take my carriage and go to the stock-yards, and see the grain elevators, and the glue factory, and the railroad. You will find enough to interest you."

But I did not care particularly for the stock-yards, and the elevators, and the glue factory, and the railroad, and other phenomena of commercial activity, except as they were expressions of this man's mind. It was the man himself that interested me. There was a kind of fascination about him which, I dare say, has played upon almost every one with whom he has been brought in contact. To me he was a study, and I had heard enough of him to know that the stock-yards and the other colossal money-making machines were very far from being the last expressions of the man, and that in fact they expressed only half of him.

Why should Philip Armour be interesting? Because he is the richest person in Chicago? No! Yet I can imagine that these questions will be put by certain critics who will inevitably ascribe the interest to "the adoration of millionnaires." But all millionnaires are not alike, and it is doubtful if at any period of history, or even in older and riper civilizations than our own, men of great fortunes ever showed themselves possessed of a better and more wholesome public spirit than many of our American millionnaires evince to-day. After all, millionnaires are human. They embrace all types of human nature. They are not cast in one mould, any more than all lawyers are, all doctors, or ecclesiastics, or carpenters, or blacksmiths, or seamen, or statesmen. On the one side stands the millionnaire of the relentless, grasping sort, unmindful of the interests of his country or his race; and on the other is the millionnaire of the Armour sort, a man whose composition is well mixed with the milk of human kindness; who has not been spoiled by great successes, nor hardened by constant brushing against the sordid sides of life. But whether a millionnaire be of good or of evil nature, of broad or of narrow mind, infused with public spirit or warped by private greed, this fact remains, that the



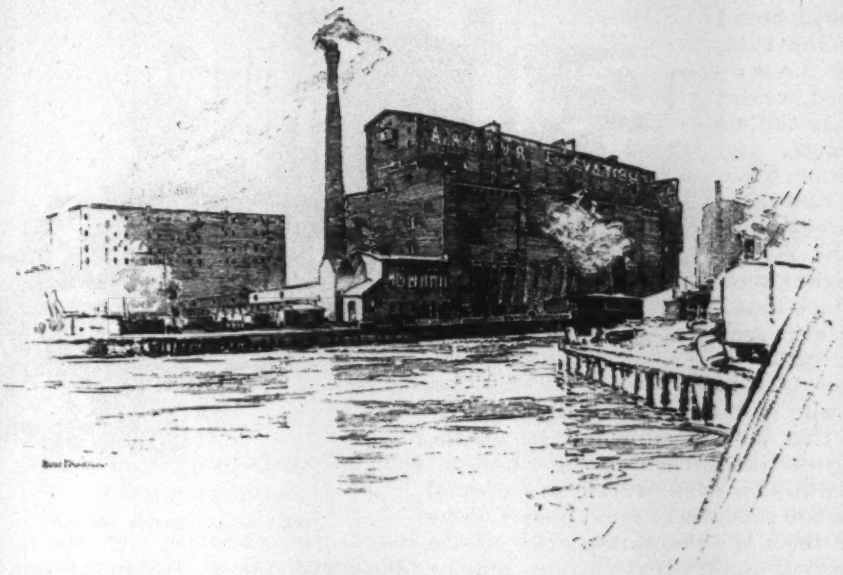
great millionnaires — those, I mean, who have carved their fortunes for themselves, or who have successfully developed inherited wealth—are men of very great ability. Our American life breeds great business men. Take Philip Armour as an example. He is a great administrator. He has the nature of one who could "stand by Cæsar and give direction." In America the greater part of our highest ability is attracted into business life. It is one of the chief respects in which our civilization differs most widely from the civilizations of the old world. There the ablest brains are usually to be found in the service of the state; here they interest themselves in commerce and finance. The railroad builders of America, for example, would have been in England, Germany, or France, prime ministers, leaders of parties, makers of states, governors of empires. Different conditions have turned to other uses the conspicuous genius, the constructive minds of our country. The great public problems in this country are municipal rather than national, local rather than imperial; and so the men of imperial minds have been turned into those fields of action from which they are not excluded by the narrow traditions of our public service. Armour is an imperialist in his ideas and in his acts.

THE ARMOUR GLUE FACTORY.

MR. ARMOUR A GREAT COMMANDER.

Mr. Armour is not a mere speculator, or, as the ambiguous giving out of the exchanges has it, an "operator," in the necessaries of life. He is something more than the richest man in Chicago; he is perhaps the greatest trader in the world. But that is not all. He is one of the greatest manufacturers in this or any country. In this capacity alone he employs twelve thousand persons, pays six or seven millions of dollars yearly in wages, owns four thousand railway cars which are used in transporting his goods, and has seven or eight hundred horses to haul his wagons. Fifty or sixty thousand persons receive direct support from the wages paid in his meat-packing business alone, if we estimate families on the census basis. He is a larger owner of grain elevators than any other individual in either hemisphere; he is the proprietor of a glue factory which turns out a product of seven millions of tons a year; and he is actively interested in an important railway enterprise.

It is said that Americans admire immensity, immensity in enterprise and in results. What they really admire is the trained ability which grasps and directs colossal undertakings. But it



THE ARMOUR ELEVATORS.

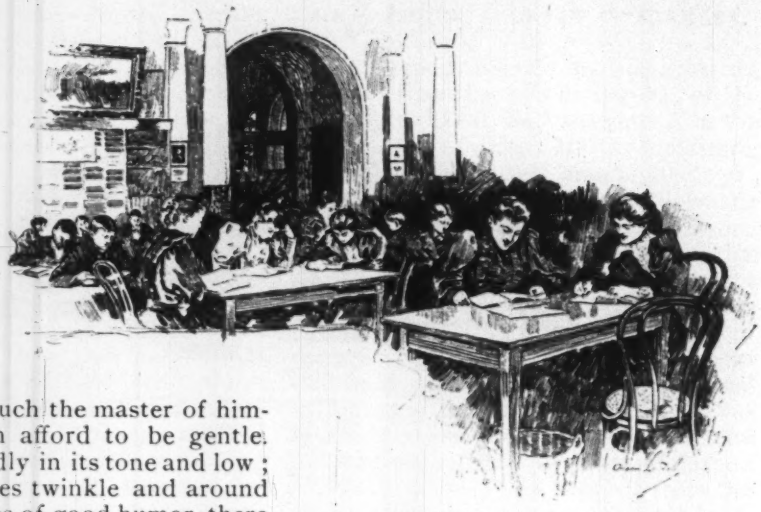
The one in the distance is the one referred to in the text as having been built in twenty-eight days.

is not merely Philip Armour's ability, nor his huge wealth, which makes the man an interesting figure. These things weigh in the scales, of course. Armour may easily represent the best type of the American business man, in regard to achievement and character. But when this has been said, half remains unsaid. For there are two sides to the man, the business side and the philanthropic. Let us here separate these aspects of him, as he separates the administration of business and the labor of philanthropy.

First, then, Mr. Armour is a great organizer. He thoroughly understands the art of appointing captains over hundreds, captains over fifties, and captains over tens. His house is directly represented in every important city in the world. Mr. Gladstone, from a dingy building in Downing Street, in the heart of London, reaches out over a world-encircling empire. A few words scrawled by his pen upon a slip of paper will affect the destinies of nations. Philip Armour is, in the world of business, not unlike a prime minister. In business there is no democracy. The sway of the individual is absolute. Philip Armour, in his La Salle Street office, reaches out over realms as wide as those whose affairs are directed by the premier in Downing Street. Telegraph wires for his private use bring the financial news of the world directly to his desk. Within call are his heads of departments, who serve him as a cabinet council. He can, by merely summoning a clerk, receive the latest news from markets as far afield as India or Peru, and he can similarly despatch his instructions to any quarter of the earth. New York is five hours later in time than London, and Chicago is an hour later than New York, so that when Mr. Armour reaches his desk, which he does at seven o'clock every morning, he knows what has already happened in the earlier centres of the East. This is, for business purposes, a kind of foreknowledge. "The world comes trooping around here with the sun," said he, as we talked together one day in La Salle Street; and he might have added, "And I am up and dressed to meet it."

Armour is in every way a large man—large in build, in mind, in nature. He is nearly six feet high, and with a kind of stately bulk which turns the scales at something like two hundred and fifty pounds. He moves easily, but he thinks in flashes. He has a big, power-

ful head, broad over the eyes, and dome-shaped, a head that is full of character and determination. He has the strongest, and at the same time the sweetest, face that I have ever seen in a man. It is the face of one who is so much the master of himself that he can afford to be gentle. His voice is kindly in its tone and low; and while his eyes twinkle and around them are the lines of good humor, there is in them all the shrewdness, all the searching quality that you can imagine a man of his record to possess. They are the eyes of an analyst of human nature.



THE LIBRARY, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

Men often fit their names badly, but "Philip Armour" fits its owner admirably. It suggests the man, and in Chicago it stands for more than any other expression in that city of emphatic phrases. The first time I saw Armour was in his office, a bustling nest of desks and scribbling men and ticking instruments; a working hive where they never see a drone, except he comes to beg, as one fellow did while I was standing there. Armour is the most accessible man in the United States, or, at all events, he was so until recently. It is only within two years that he has had a private office. Until that time his desk stood with the others in the big room, and it was surrounded by the desks of the heads of departments. It was the easiest thing in the world to get to him. But now a corner of the room has been cut off by a plain partition, making an unpretentious nook, in which the director of great enterprises spends the greater portion of his working hours, with his touch upon the pulse of the commercial world. The chief office of Armour & Company is in the Home Insurance building in La Salle Street. It is a big apartment sprinkled with desks, and everybody seems to be prodigiously busy with the exception of one man. That man is Armour, and that fact is characteristic of him. He luxuriates in work, but he makes no parade of it. He works as a great general does, a Wellington, a Bonaparte. He impresses me as having Napoleonic characteristics. He would be the coolest man in Chicago, and has been so, in times of panic. He is most himself and most absolutely his own master, and the master of affairs, when he faces a crisis. His ease of manner is one of the most remarkable attributes of the man. You see him walking slowly, quietly, and apparently without object through his big establishment; but nothing passes there that escapes the keenness of his vision, and there is not a page in all the volumes of character that are collected in the lives of all these men and youths who daily surround him that he has not closely scanned. And here is one of the marvellous points in connection with this superb administrator, one of the secrets, if it may be called a secret, of his astonishing success—his capacity for selection. Almost the first words of his with which I became acquainted were these:

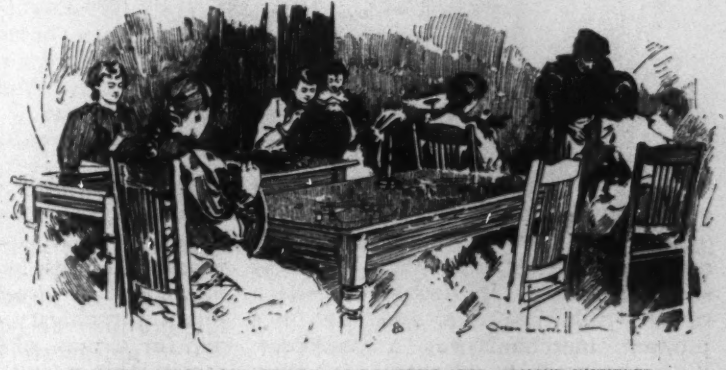
"No general can fight his battle alone. He must depend on his lieutenants, and his success depends upon his ability to select the right man for the right place."

DRESSMAKING, DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC ARTS, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

THE PERFECT ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMOUR BUSINESS.

You see the perfection of organization everywhere in the enterprises of Armour & Company—at the packing-houses, where, as an enthusiastic foreigner says, "the live pigs go in at one end of a machine, and chains of sausages come out at the other end;" where beeves and sheep are dressed and swung into the chill-rooms within ten minutes after they have ambled into their pens; where no scrap of serviceable material is wasted; where every man among the thousands has his allotted task and performs only that, but performs it with the precision of a machine; so that four million animals are annually killed and carved there, and despatched in fragments to the ends of the earth, with less ado and loss than a New England farmer would be put to in slaying and dressing a single porker. You see organization at the firm's headquarters, where Armour has his own post-office and telegraph office, a staff of clerks making invoices, and another staff acknowledging credits; where sales are entered to the amount of one hundred and two millions per year; where arrangements are made for feeding American populations and European armies—last year the armed legions of France were fed by Armour;—and in and out among all this busy multitude quietly moves the man who has the master-mind.

Affairs are administered through the heads of departments. Armour sees these men daily, receives their reports, entrusts them with his orders, which they in turn execute through their subordinates. There is a vast system. It is designed to save time, effort, money; it works without friction. The name of Armour is known in every country; it is represented in every important city by its own ambassadors, some of whom receive better salaries than are paid to the ambassadors of our government. One of Armour's mottoes is: "Get the best." He says: "Good men are not cheap." He pays men twenty-five thousand dollars a



MILLINERY WORK, DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC ARTS, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

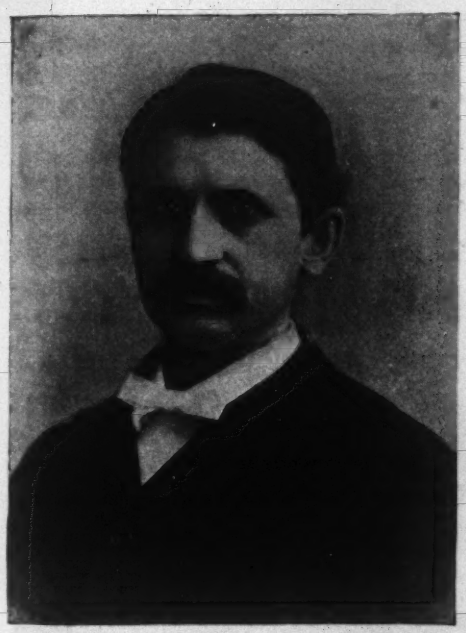
year for directing certain chief departments. We pay the President of the United States only as much again.

One of his twenty-five thousand dollar men went into business on his own account some years ago and built up a powerful opposition house. The man had remarkable ability, but his career shows that he had not Armour's conception of things, nor his loftiness of character. And it shows, too, that, despite his long and intimate association with his old employer, the seceder had not thoroughly appreciated the quiet power of the originator. X., for we will call him so, rose to prosperous heights, and there was seized with the desire to be thought a greater man than his old chief, against whom he began operations in the chosen way of "corners," and similar financial expedients known to the street. He said one day: "I used to work for Phil Armour, but before long Phil Armour will be working for me." He thought he had the Mr. Armour the offer of an instant and friendly loan of half a million in cash. There is a difference, though it is imperceptible to some minds, between business shrewdness and good judgment, between ability and character. Philip Armour would never have thought of such a boast, much less uttered it.

Mr. Armour's private office is a most unpretentious place. It contains no furniture save a roll-top desk and two or three chairs. On the desk there is placed every morning a vase of flowers, and Mr. Armour always wears a *boutonnière*. On the walls are portraits of three former partners, John Plankinton and Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, and Joseph Armour, the favorite brother who died some years ago. This private office was constructed two years since at the instigation of Mr. Armour's sons, Ogden and Philip, who are his present partners, and who saw that the constant interruptions to

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

"old man" "squeezed," as the word goes, but Armour proceeded at nine o'clock one morning to convince the complacent gentleman that he was sadly mistaken. By noon there was a rushing fall in prices, and the once jubilant merchant was a bankrupt. With the news, he also received from which their father was subjected made demands upon his health and time that were incompatible with his advancing years. Besides, he was a target in the open, and at close range; every suppliant for charity could accost him—and for a man of his wealth and generosity this meant an almost constant



DOCTOR GUNSAULUS, PRESIDENT OF THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

stream of persons who begged for causes good and worthless. But even now Mr. Armour is not accustomed to his little cage in the corner, though he realizes clearly the necessity for reasonable seclusion there.

A CALM, WELL-ORDERED INTELLIGENCE THE SOURCE OF MR. ARMOUR'S STRENGTH.

He meets interruptions with an equable temper and a clear mind. What he knows he knows accurately. His brain is well pigeon-holed. His capacity for turning instantly from one important subject to a brace of others equally important, and yet absolutely different in nature, is associated with the faculty of keeping small things similarly sorted. Interruptions do not disturb him. He will listen as if there were no other subject in the world that interested him. In that way he draws his man. When others become excited he is, to all appearance, at absolute ease. Then, perhaps, he will wear a quizzical smile, as if wondering in an amused way why all the rest of creation is worrying itself. In times of general panic—and he has passed through many—he will sit motionless, with his head bowed in reflection, as we are told was Napoleon's manner, and his orders will be given calmly, without a superfluous word.

A few months ago there was a movement to crush Armour in a grain "corner." He had contracted to deliver several million bushels of grain at a given date. Delivery of this sort, as is well known, means delivery in the elevators, not in the cars. Armour's granaries were full. The combination would not let him have a bushel's room in any other structure. And still he had three million bushels to move from the far West, and there were but thirty days left for the completion of the undertaking. When he discovered the "freezing out" designs of his competitors he gave himself no anxiety whatever. He rang his office bell. A clerk responded.

"Send for Mr. ——, the builder."

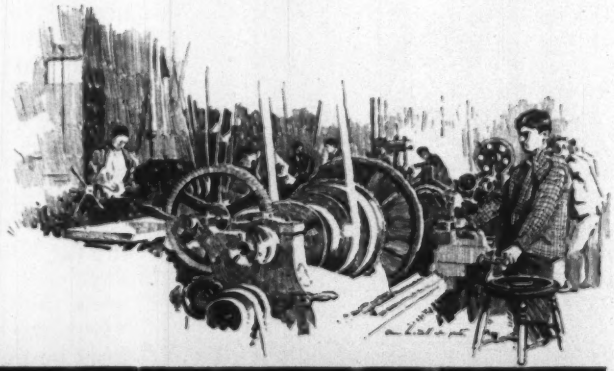
Mr. —— duly made his appearance. There was a brief conversation. Twenty-eight days after that the newest and largest grain elevator in the world was in Armour's possession. It had been built for him in the interim by an enormous force of men working in three eight-hour shifts each day. The three million bushels were stored

DOCTOR GUNSAULUS IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

on the twenty-ninth day, and there was space to spare for a million more.

Here is the record of a day in the panic time of the summer of 1893. Chicago suffered then as the rest of the country did under the severe stroke of depression. But Chicago had something more than her business reputation to maintain. There was the Exhibition. No white feather should be shown, for the White City's sake. Still, in that trying time it was courage like Armour's that saved the Exhibition from passing into the hands of a receiver. Chicago stood together, and with true civic zeal saved the threatened misfortune and enabled the World's Fair to pass on to its triumphant conclusion. One morning Armour learned at his office that in the distress of the hour a "run" had set in upon the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. "This must be stopped," said he. There were two reasons for his zeal: first, the maintenance of the general credit of the city, which would be shaken in the probable event of "runs" upon the banks becoming contagious; second, his eldest son was a director in the assaulted institution.

Armour quietly left his office and mixed with the throng in front of the bank. He went about among the depositors and pledged his own credit to induce them to leave their funds where they were. He remained in the crowded street all day and personally persuaded hundreds of the depositors to return to their homes. At the end of banking hours he arranged for a meeting of prominent Chicago men, to be quietly held the next morning, to grapple with the disasters which threatened the city. He cabled to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. Then he drove to the Armour Institute, to



THE MACHINE SHOP, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

inspect the equipments then being put into place, and he serenely asked his usual question: "Is anything wanted?" On the way out he learned that the little daughters of an employee were dangerously ill with diphtheria. He went for his accustomed drive, and for his almost daily call at the homes of his sons. Then he went home to dinner, and by nine o'clock he was soundly sleeping, as if nothing had happened. The next morning he walked to his office, and on the way left fifty dollars for the stricken family of his employee; he transacted his own business as calmly as ever; went to the bank again, turned away more depositors; and then left for the Mission Hall to play with the little children there. Meanwhile, his action in the crowd, and his purchase of gold, had set an example for other men; confidence began to set in once more; the tide was turned.

Armour always has a large store of cash in reserve. He can draw upon it instantly. When other men are delayed by having to "realize" on their securities, Armour has taken the advantage which comes of an immediate supply of cash. He is a general who never dissipates his resources, and who is never cut off from his base of supplies.

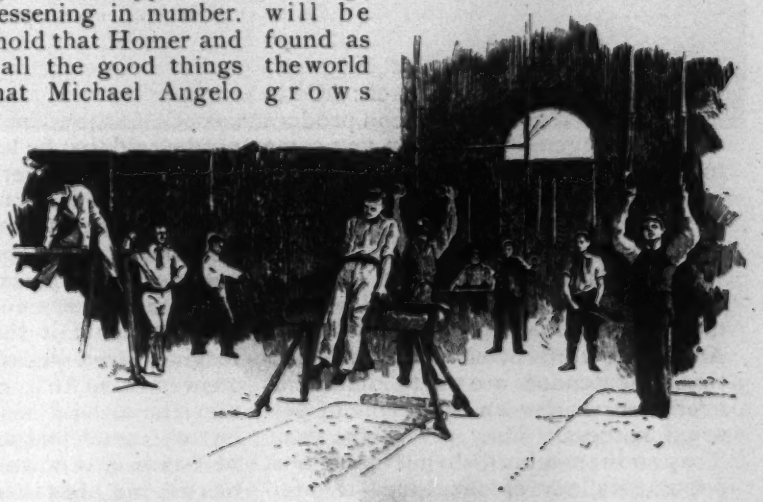
America has been conspicuous as the country of opportunities. But it is a favorite saying in these last years of our dying century, that the opportunities are swiftly lessening in number. Just as some men hold that Homer and Shakespeare said all the good things centuries ago; that Michael Angelo and Titian and Leonardo have left nothing for our young men to paint; that there has been no music since Beethoven; and that Scott and Thackeray and Dickens exhausted the field of fiction, so to-day there are legions who claim that the business opportunities of America are getting exhausted; or, to put it in another way, that they will soon become, if they have not already become, monopolized by the intrenched millionnaires. I had a word with Mr. Armour on this subject. I put this question:

"Do you think the young men of the present, and, for that matter, of the future, can find for themselves such opportunities for success in life as were found by their elders—such opportunities as you found, for instance?"

"That depends on the men. As for opportunities, they will continue to be found, as they have been found in any business or profession, where men seek them in dead earnest. There was never a better time than the present, and the future will bring even greater opportunities than the past."

I said: "You do not think, then, that wealth, that combinations of capital, will monopolize the opportunities of the future?"

"Of course not. Wealth, capital, can do nothing without brains to direct it. It will be as true in the future as it is in the present, that brains make capital—capital does not make brains. The world does not stand still. Changes come quicker now than they ever did, and they will come quicker and quicker. New ideas, new inventions, new methods of manufacture, of transportation, new ways to do almost everything, will be found as the world grows



THE GYMNASIUM, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

older, and the men who anticipate them, and who are ready for them, will find advantages as great as any their fathers or grandfathers have had."

"Eternal vigilance, then, is the price of wealth as it is of liberty?"

"Yes, of course. Capital can eat its own head off, if you will let it. You must feed it and exercise it. Besides, all the big 'monopolies' you speak of require men of brains to manage them, and they require such men more and more every year. There is always a demand for men of ability, and my experience is that the demand is greater than the supply."

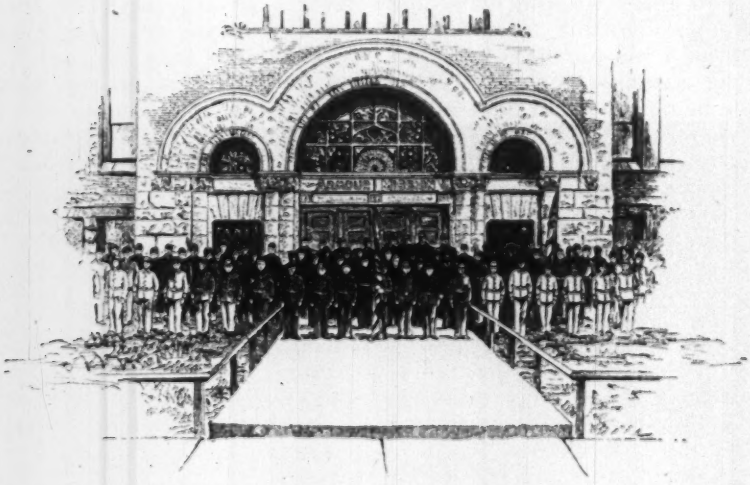
"What you say is directly in line with a remark I heard not long ago dropped by a shrewd thinker: 'Common sense is the least common product of human ingenuity.' When you come to that, what is common sense, assuming that to be the quality you look for in your lieutenants?"

"Good judgment."

This quality of judgment has ever been the leading characteristic of the man who is the subject of this sketch. And those words of his about the selection of lieutenants are worth all that has ever been written on the theme of personal success. They reveal the man. They show, too, his disbelief in the most popular fallacy of our time—the fallacy that multitudes and not individuals shape affairs and give direction to the currents of human life; the fallacy that the individual does not count.

I have referred to Armour's Napoleonic qualities. I mean, first, his courage, which is absolute; his huge conceptions—no idea is too big for him, no plan too cumbrous; and then his faculty of thinking of three or four things at the same time; his powerful sweep of thought, coupled with the ability to keep clearly assorted in his mind what most of us are apt to call "petty details"; his fertility of resource, and, above all, his self-possession.

Temper is the mettle of a man, as it is of a good blade; but it is one thing to have a temper and another thing to command it. I am told that Armour sometimes shows his temper, but it cannot be said that he loses it. I even venture to say that there is deliberation in the display. He is not easily roused to words except by some show of imposture and canting humbug. He has no patience with pretense. I asked one who stands very near him, which Mr. Armour found it the more difficult to forgive, carelessness or stupidity. The answer came that carelessness was to him the deadly sin, and although he has not much patience with stupidity, he has been known to forgive it. He has all his life taken advantage of his opportunities, and he expects those



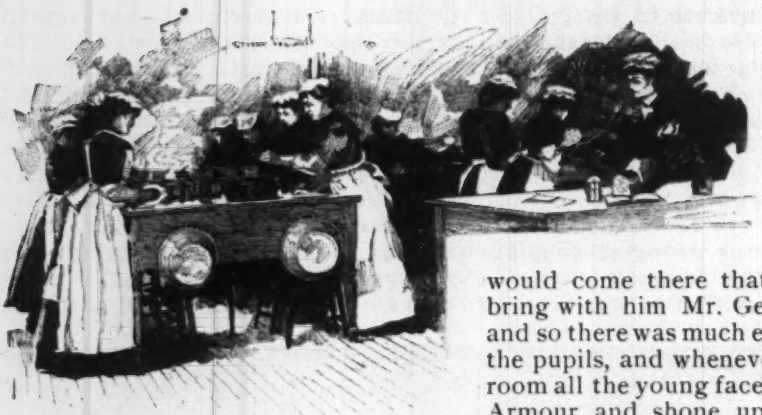
THE BOYS' BRIGADE IN FRONT OF THE ARMOUR MISSION.

who act in his interest to be similarly watchful, both for his own sake and for theirs. If a man is not bright enough to see where his own advantage lies, he is of no use to Philip Armour.

THE ARMOUR MISSION.

One of Armour's strongest beliefs is in the home, the domestic circle. I might almost say that he was first led to philanthropic work by a realization of the fact that in that tightly crammed section of Chicago which is getting to be so much identified with his beneficent recreations there were, not so long ago, fifty thousand children and young folk who hardly understood the meaning of "home." They had homes of a sort, the cheerless sort, but no spiritual homes nor intellectual homes; so the Armour Mission was established by a fund bequeathed by the late Joseph Armour. This fund Philip doubled, or quadrupled—the amount is not essential; the spirit is. This mission was a start in the direction of a very actual want. The fundamental idea upon which it was based was the establishment of a Sunday home. There is a great hall where a Sunday-school assembles, and there are class-rooms opening into this. There, every Sunday, eighteen hundred young people gather and spend really happy hours. The place is the centre of life; cheerfulness is its characteristic. There is no denominationalism. One can hardly say that there is a creed, except it be: Worship God and love your fellow-man. There is certainly no dogma. There is no distinction as to race; neither as to color. There is no sermonizing. Every Sunday afternoon Mr. Armour goes down to the Mission and spends his time there among the children—especially among the younger ones. In those hours he is at his happiest. Connected with the place is a

THE GIRLS' BRIGADE OF THE ARMOUR MISSION.



THE COOKING-SCHOOL, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

free kindergarten, and there is also a free dispensary.

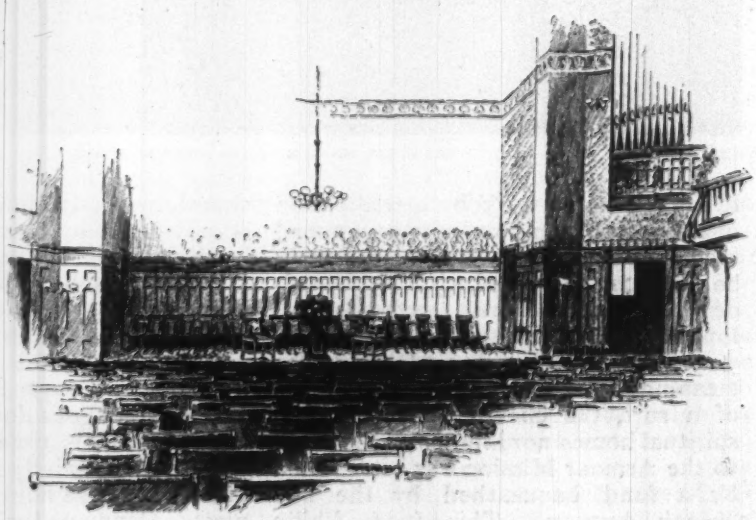
We fell to talking about a recent visit he had made to London, when he saw the Polytechnic Institute and the People's Palace, and by these examples conceived the desire to build something similar for his own city of Chicago. And we made an appointment to meet next morning at the Armour Institute. "You shall come and see my partners, the boys and girls," said he. Something of the man was revealed in that phrase. For in his eyes the boys and girls of America are partners with him in the work of life.

That morning at the Institute was for me an eventful one, for it showed what a civilizing force there is in working here on the lake shore, and how truly Armour strikes at the root of things. The place had been open but ten days, and already it was overflowing with life and work; it was thrusting light into places hitherto in gloom. Mr. Armour had made up a little party of friends, and I was asked to join them. It had been given out at the Institute that the founder would come there that morning, and bring with him Mr. George W. Childs, and so there was much eagerness among the pupils, and whenever we entered a room all the young faces turned toward Armour and shone upon him like so many suns.

THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

What is the Armour Institute? It is easier to say what it is not, than what it is. Some would call it a Technical Training School; some, perhaps, a College of Science and the Liberal Arts; some would, in the vague way of makers of definitions, be content with describing it as a "peculiar educational institution." But, if I were asked to put its purpose in a phrase, I should say: "It is a place for developing character."

Who was it that said "The Americans are an over-schooled and an under-educated people"? Some idea of the sort was in Philip Armour's

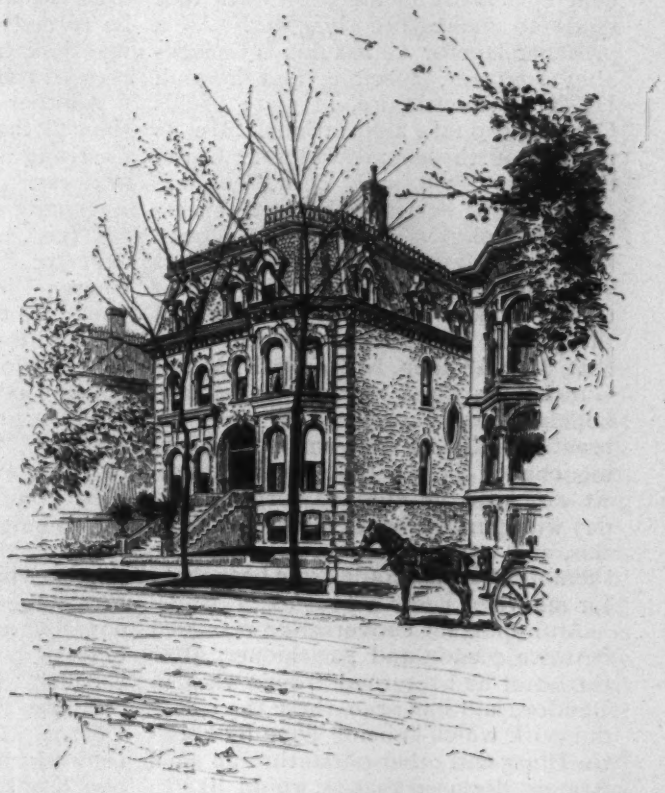


ASSEMBLY ROOM, ARMOUR MISSION.

mind when he formed the plan of his Institute. He had seen that there are thousands of boys and girls who have to begin working-life with the simple preparation of our common schools. Many of them would seek a better training, but their parents cannot afford it for them, and the youngsters must work for their living. What they really require is not a "college education," but a practical training which will fit them for the active work of life, and develop the talent that is in them. What Armour saw was the necessity for bridging over the gap between the common schools and the college. He met the necessity by creating the Institute.

A large and handsome building of red brick, trimmed with brownish stone, and open on all sides to the light and air, is the home of the Institute. It stands at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Armour Avenue. It is a hive of pleasant lecture-rooms and spacious laboratories. It is administered in two divisions, the "Scientific Academy" and the "Technical College." In the one are taught Algebra, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, the English, French, German, and Latin languages, Greek History, Roman History, Modern History, Commercial Geography, Physical Geography; while in the other there are courses in Mechanical Engineering, Electricity and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, and Metallurgy. And there are also what is called the "Department of Domestic Arts," where instruction is given in cooking and sewing and dressmaking; the "Department of Library Science," where the formation and management of book-collections is the chief theme for study; and the "Department of Architecture," the "Department of Kindergartens," and the "Department of Commerce." A superb gymnasium crowns the whole.

The Institute was opened in September last with six hundred pupils. There is no gratuitous instruction, but the terms of tuition are so low that any one who is determined to get an education can easily defray the cost of it.



MR. ARMOUR'S RESIDENCE.

If he or she have no money for this purpose, then the term charges can be worked out, or an undertaking can be given that after graduating from the Institute and finding employment, the charges will be paid in the course of time. For there is this healthy fundamental idea about the work—it is devoid of all appearance of charity. The standard is high. An education earned is the only one that can be properly valued by its possessor.

Mr. Armour's wonderful capacity

for selecting his right-hand men was never better proved than in his choice of a president for the Institute. He selected the Reverend Doctor F. W. Gunsaulus, who had been for six years pastor of Plymouth Church in Chicago. Doctor Gunsaulus is a man after Mr. Armour's own heart. He is thirty-seven years of age, a man of inexhaustible energy, of shrewd executive power, of lofty character, and an ardent enthusiast in all good work that tends to make life brighter. As a preacher Doctor Gunsaulus is remarkably eloquent, forcible, and helpful. He is no doctrinaire, in spite of his Congregational associations. He is not one of those multitudinous Christians who cry "Lord, Lord," but one of the rarer sort who believe the essence of religion is to brighten human life, to uplift it. He has very direct views upon education, and they appeal to Mr. Armour's sense of the fitness of things. In fact, I am inclined to think that Mr. Armour had found Doctor Gunsaulus's ideas so very sound and hopeful that he resolved to give the practical-minded clergyman a swinging chance to put them to the proof. At any rate, he stepped forward one day with purse in hand, saying: "Take this, and work for the young. Do for them what I wish could have been done for me when I was a boy."

An important conversation occurred between pastor and parishioner, after the latter had returned from a visit to London, and had seen there the splendid work which is being done by Quintin Hogg and other philanthropic men. Armour declared that he would like to give Chicago an institute combining the features of the London Polytechnic with others of his own design. He outlined his plan; then he turned calmly to the reverend doctor and said:

"Do you believe in this?"

"I would give my life to such a work," exclaimed Doctor Gunsaulus.

"Good. Then I will put a million and a half behind it."

The splendid building on Armour Avenue was erected, completed, and equipped almost before Chicago knew of its existence or its purpose. When the place was ready, Mr. Armour sailed away to Europe. The creation of the Armour Institute was announced, but its creator was some thousands of miles distant from public congratulation.

While he was showing us the Institute that morning, a class of bright-faced youths came unexpectedly tumbling out from one of the lecture-rooms, and as we paused to watch the merry groups, a sort of quiet smile played over Mr. Armour's face; his eyes twinkled with pleasure, and then he turned to me and said: "This is worth living for." The words expressed the man.

Another thing he said to me then showed that his practical foresight is as strong in matters of education as in business. He wanted me to see the electricity room especially.

"Yes," exclaimed Doctor Gunsaulus, eagerly; "there is nothing like it elsewhere;" and with that he opened the door. In the great, clear-lighted room, fitted with exquisite apparatus, a group of embryo experts were engaged in delicate experiments.

"I set great store by this," said Mr. Armour. "In a few years we shall be doing everything by electricity, and these young men are getting ready for the coming changes. Before long our steam engines will be as old-fashioned as the windmills are now. You see here a generation preparing to work out the problems of the future. I am told that the apparatus here is not excelled in any laboratory."

There was another chime from Doctor Gunsaulus, who had been showing us a letter written by Benjamin Franklin to a friend, immediately after the former had made an electrical discovery.

"Yes, on the day we started here we had an electrical plant which cost us twenty-six thousand dollars. You see, Mr. Armour tells us to get the best and to keep up with the times. With his pocket-book we are able to do that."

"You are fortunate in having such a pocket-book," I remarked.

"Well," said Mr. Armour, "we run the packing business, the grain business, the glue factory, and the railroad to make money for these boys and

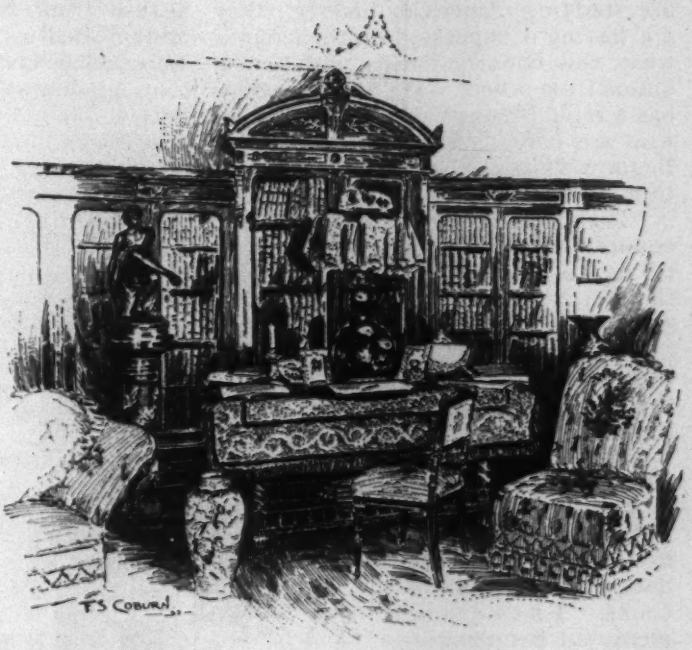
girls." And that, I believe, is the substance of Philip Armour's philosophy.

MR. ARMOUR'S HOPE OF THE YOUNG.

It was easy enough there at the Institute to see that Mr. Armour believes in youth; and it is clear, too, when one sees much of his business surroundings.

"The Institute," said he, "has been open ten days, and I am already ten years younger."

He does not have much confidence in the chance of reforming grown men, because their habits are fixed more and more firmly with the advance of years. He says: "Take youth and train it. Let me have young men about me."



VIEWS IN THE LIBRARY, ARMOUR RESIDENCE.

He believes in the ambition, the energy, the faith of youth. I had almost said that every one around him is young. One of his favorite expressions is: "I want to get into partnership with that boy."

"Give him another chance," he has often said to some chief of department who was about to discharge a young fellow; "we'll make a man of him yet."

"You see these girls"—this was in the Mission Hall—"they are the future mothers of America. What a responsibility it is to have the shaping of their thoughts!"

"We want to make some fine Americans out of rough material. Here are some young foreigners. They are learning our language; they

are studying American history; they are having it impressed on their minds what this country means, and how it differs from others. Doctor Gunsaulus has a regular course of study for aliens who are being made into Americans. Begin with youth. There's stuff easy to mould."

"Let every youngster know that he counts for one. Don't make him wait till he has a vote before you tell him that."

"This is the country of the young."

We made a tour through the Institute. Up at the top of the building we found a cookery school.

"This is a vital spot," said Mr. Armour. "We do not sufficiently appreciate in this country the national importance of cooks. There are plenty of people who can paint well and sing well, but there are few who can cook well. In this room we prescribe for domestic happiness."

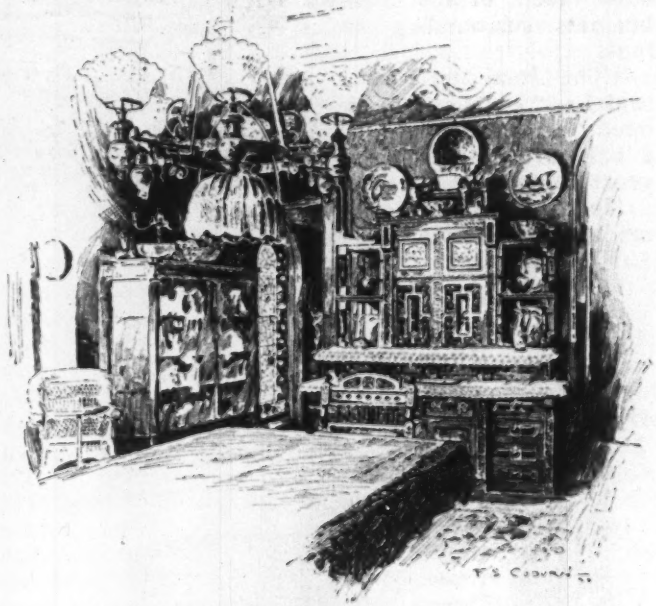
In the many rooms of the Institute and in its corridors, Doctor Gunsaulus, who is an ardent and well-trained collector, has hung any number of choice etchings, prints, engravings, and some good paintings which he has come upon in journeying about the world. In the library there is a portrait of Robert Browning. I said to Mr. Armour:

"I know that portrait well. It was painted by my friend, Felix Moscheles, who was a very dear friend of Browning's, and in whose London studio I met the poet while his portrait was on the easel. It is a capital likeness."

"That's interesting. I like to hear something about men who have taught in the world," said Mr. Armour. "Tell me something about the man as you saw him."

I began a bit of reminiscence, but we were cut off in the middle of it by a rush from the breezy doctor, who admonished us that time's footsteps were much faster than our own, and that much was to be seen and done before the day waned; so we were piloted by him to the Mission Hall across the street.

The Mission Hall is also a kind of assembly room for the pupils of the Institute. The place was filled with these young men and women who had been invited to come there and shake hands with Mr. Childs. As the party entered the hall, the glad young faces



THE DINING-ROOM, ARMOUR RESIDENCE.

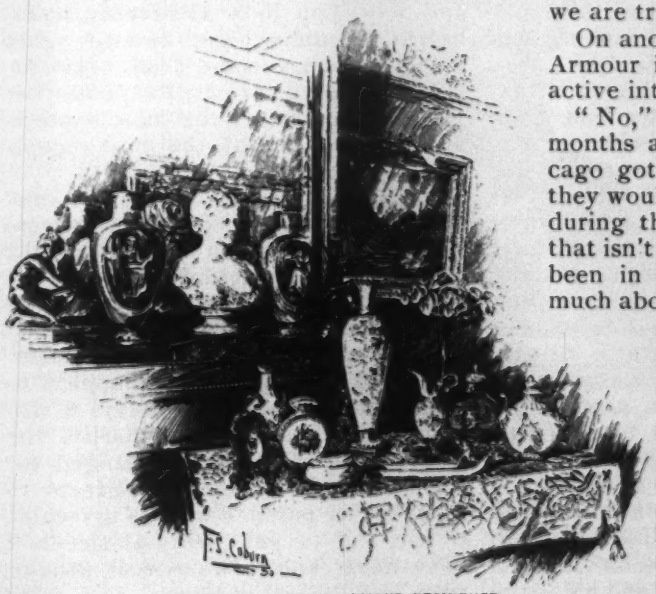
turned, and there arose a storm of cheering and applause when Mr. Armour appeared in the entrance-way. He looked as though he would very much like to avoid the demonstration of delight. It was an ovation, but he sidled up the hall under one of the balconies, as bashful as one of his own schoolboys, and when he put his foot upon the platform steps the company of youths rose. It was a very pleasing and touching scene, and it expressed more than the many volumes that could be written about the large-hearted lion of Chicago.

There were, happily, no speeches, and I learned, with much pleasure, that

THE PARLOR, ARMOUR RESIDENCE.

there is at least one place in Chicago where oratory is easily discounted. Dr. Gunsaulus said a few words by way of introducing Mr. Childs. Then the young people came filing up. While the business of hand-shaking was going on, I imparted to Mr. Armour some of the impressions the day was making upon me.

"Well," said he, "most of us have blindness to overcome. We want to get at the rising generation and to open its eyes to the problems of life before it. There are two problems that these young people have to face, as we all have to. The first problem is: How to get a living in this planet; the second problem is: How to make life worth living. I hope we can do something here to solve these questions. Anyway, we are trying to do so."



A BIT IN THE PARLOR, ARMOUR RESIDENCE.

On another occasion I asked Mr. Armour if he had ever taken an active interest in politics.

"No," he replied; "but a few months ago some people in Chicago got it into their heads that they would like to have me mayor during the Exhibition year. But that isn't in my line. I have never been in politics. I don't know much about politics. I have made it a principle of life never to engage in enterprises whose details I have not mastered. Perhaps I might make a fair mayor of Chicago, but I know I am a first-class butcher. I think, if you will permit me, I will stick to the stock-yards."

We had been talking about a certain distinguished man who has of late been much before the public, and Mr. Armour said: "I agree with you; he has an estimable character, but there is one great trouble with him—he holds the same opinions that he held twenty years ago."

That remark is proof enough, if proof were needed, that Mr. Armour lives in to-day, not in yesterday; and he lives in to-day for the sake of to-morrow. He is always facing the vital, throbbing, present hour. I think he would hardly trust a man "who has not sense enough to change his opinions"—to use a phrase of his own. Even into his benefactions he carries his steady belief in the present.

Mr. Armour has no respect for men who hoard their money. He detests mere money-grubbers. No one stirs his aversion so much as the man who has only millions to his credit. He believes that a man should do good while living, and not leave that duty to the problematic zeal of executors. I heard him say:

"If my wealth is a trust, I propose to work as hard as a trustee as I do at selling meat and grain."

MR. ARMOUR'S SIMPLE AND REGULAR LIFE.

Later we were speaking of the application which goes toward making success in any line of life. Said he:

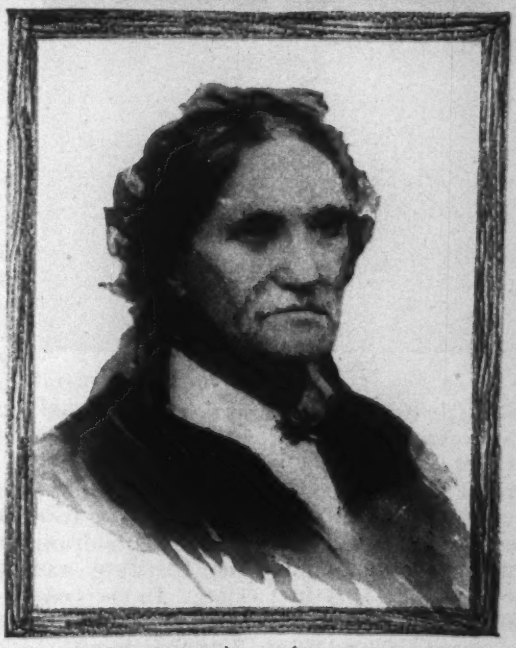
"A man must master his undertaking, and not let it master him. He must have the power to decide quickly, even to decide instantly, on which side he is going to make his mistakes. As for application, no great thing is done without that. In my own case, I have carried into business the working habits I learned as a boy on a New York farm. All my life I have been up with the sun. The habit is as easy at sixty-one as it was at sixteen; perhaps easier, because I am hardened to it. I have my breakfast by half-past five or six; I walk down town to my office and am there by seven, and I know what is going on in the world without having to wait for others to come and tell me. At noon I have a simple luncheon of bread and milk, and after that, usually, a short nap, which freshens me again for the afternoon's work. I am in bed again at nine o'clock every night."

But Mr. Armour is not one who would lay down iron-clad rules for the daily regulation of other people's lives. He knows well enough that what is one man's meat is sometimes another man's poison, and he would be the last person to suggest that if a man gets up at five o'clock every morning, goes to bed at nine P.M., and lunches on bread and milk, he will, in his sixtieth year, find himself a multi-millionnaire. His remarks on this point reminded me of a conversation which I had had a day or two before with the Reverend Robert Collyer, at a luncheon given at the Union League Club by Mr. Melville Stone in honor of the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, when the company comprised, besides the distinguished and entertaining guests already mentioned, such interesting talkers as Mr. Howells, Eugene Field, J. T. Trowbridge, Paul du Chaillu, and Hamlin Garland. Among some of us the conversation turned on personal habits, and I said to Doctor Collyer:

"You seem to have discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. I remember being taken as a little boy to hear you whenever you came to Boston, and now you look at seventy haler, heartier, ruddier, and twenty years younger than you did then. According to accepted notions, I suppose that you must be one of the most systematic men and one of the most regular and simple livers in America."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the doctor in his heartiest tone, "you were never more mistaken in your life. I am the most irregular man in this country. I know absolutely nothing about system. I think the men who get the least out of life are the systematic ones, for if anything happens to their system, if anything occurs to disturb their clock-work regularity, the whole order of nature is changed for them. No, I have no rules, except to do as far as possible what is agreeable to me, and to get plenty of sleep. I have never known a physical ache or pain."

For a man of many millions, Mr. Armour's life is an amazingly simple one. He has a good-sized house on Prairie Avenue, but there are many men in Chicago worth, say, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, who live with more ostentation than he. He belongs to several clubs, but he very rarely goes to any of them. He is very fond of his home, and he has the faculty, when there, of dropping everything that pertains to business. He sheds care as a duck's back sheds water. All his tastes are of the simplest sort. He is not a teetotaler, but he scarcely ever touches wine and never touches spirits. He is not a bookish man, and his reading is chiefly confined to newspapers and periodicals. But his books are living men; his favorite study, character. And I take it that no man in the United States can read character more shrewdly and clearly than he. Nowadays he leaves his office at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and goes for a drive. He loves to handle the reins over a spanking team of nervy horses. Such exercise draws the blood from the brain, sets the muscles tingling, and stirs to healthy action the physique of a man who spends the greater portion of his day within doors. He usually drives first to the Institute, and after chatting a little with Doctor Gunsaulus, and looking in at some of the class-rooms to see if anything is wanted, he has a spin along the Lake Shore Drive, and then perhaps calls in at the homes of his sons, Ogden and Philip, Jr. He always spends his evenings in his own house, with his sweet and gracious wife, to whose influence he ascribes the origin of much of the work which other men call noble, but which he calls sometimes "play," and sometimes "exercise for the ideas."



PHILIP D. ARMOUR'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

Armour honors a mother, and when he goes to the Mission and sees the future mothers of our country—the most of them tots of very tender years—he is apt to say: "We can't be too careful of this raw material." His own mother is a sainted memory with him, and his father, a sturdy-natured man, was a most careful trainer of young humanity. The parents were farming people. The American roots of the family run well back into the days

when Connecticut was a colony. Philip was born at Stockbridge, in Madison County, New York. In 1852, at the age of twenty, he went to California. His early travels through the West revealed to him the opportunities which he subsequently mastered. He saw ahead; that is to say, he exercised good judgment. He believed in what they call "a tremendous future" for the country; he knew that the chief needs of populations are food, clothing, and shelter, and that the two latter are of little use without the food. He decided to undertake the business of supplying man's chief physical need, sustenance, and he has done so on a scale which is world-renowned. He took his brothers off the New York farm, showed them the opportunities, and they became commanders only less great than their chief.

MRS. PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

"Yes, breed is important," said Armour to me. "We know that it is so in horses and cattle, and we ought to know that it is so in man. But we are half blind. We don't see all the truth yet. We take better care of our cattle breeds than we do of our human ones. Don't you see the opportunity of America is to start the children right?"

There is a business side to real philanthropy. No genuine appeal ever reached Philip Armour without finding an immediate response. But this fact has led to a daily inundation of requests for aid. A private secretary has been appointed to deal with these cases, to sift and sort them, to relieve them according to his judgment, and to place before Mr. Armour only those which actually seem to need his personal attention rather than the attention of an intermediary. But not even this secretary knows the extent of the private benefactions, for Armour gives much of which no one ever hears, and he gives much of which he never hears himself. But every case is well examined first. The man who, I take it, knows him best, said to me: "Generosity is not the word. Armour gives away so much that my honest belief is he has not accumulated ten cents in five years."

"A man should do good while he lives," said Mr. Armour himself. "Wills are easily broken and set aside. I built the 'Armour Flats' to yield a yearly revenue to the Mission. There's an endowed work that cannot be altered by death, or by misunderstandings among trustees, or by bickerings of any kind. Besides, a man can do something to carry out his ideas while he lives, but he can't do so after he is in his grave. In those flats across the street we've tried to carry out the home idea, as I call it. Build pleasant homes for people of small incomes, and they will leave their ugly surroundings and lead brighter lives."

The experiment in flats has been successful from the start. There are two hundred and thirteen flats, containing from six to seven rooms each, in a great quadrangular block opposite the Institute and adjoining the Mission. In the centre of the quadrangle is a large grass plot and playground. The apartments rent for from seventeen and one-half dollars per month to thirty-five dollars. They are not only well built, but attractive, so attractive that many families hitherto living in dingy fifteen-dollar houses have gone to the Armour Flats and pay there five or ten dollars more per month.

Barbary.

By MRS. E. V. WILSON

"YES, I was at his first wife's funeral, an' if anybody had told me 'at in a little more'n a year I'd a' ben his second I'd said they was crazy. You see my third cousin, Marthy Jane Holly, she thet was Marthy Jane Spaldin', lived in his neighborhood, an' I was visitin' of her when his first died, an' Marthy Jane tuk me along to the funeral. It was a dreadful dull day in February, an' that muddy the team could hardly pull us. An' when we druv up to the house I thought it was jist about the lonesomest place I had ever seen. The house was a great, big, two-story frame with nine winders an' a big front door; and the yard hadn't a tree or bush in it. 'Law sakes, Marthy Jane!' says I, 'what a barn of a house!'

"'Well,' says she, 'it's bran new; they jist moved in it this fall.'

"There was a sight of folks in the house, an' I got in somehow 'mong the women, an' tried to look 'round some, but I got sort o' interested in the talk. One o' the women said, 'What a pity t'was Miss Hillyer had to die jess as she got settled in the new house.' An'

another one said she'd noticed many a time when folks built fine houses one or t'other of 'em died. Then a right old woman spoke up, an' says she, 'That's nonsense. Matildy Hillyer killed herself, so she did. Her an' them two slips of girls done all the work for the men 'at built this yer house an' for the hands 'at worked the farm; an' the las' time I see her she told me she made a hundred yards o' rag carpet, wove it an' all.'

"'What made her?' interrupted another woman.

"'Nobody made her,' said the old woman. 'She's that bigoted. I tole her 'twouldn't pay, but she said Squire was sot on hevin' the biggest house on the prairie, an' they got the work done cheaper by boardin' of the men, an' she's boun' to hev carpets——'

"'I don't care,' broke in my third cousin, Marthy Jane Holly; 'it's her own fault. Ef she'd managed the squire right, he'd never built sich a house. She tole me she wanted a littler one, handy, and full of closets, but the squire wanted the big one. Now I say ef she'd managed——'

"'Oh, pshaw!' said the old woman. 'Miss Holly, you dunno what you's talkin' 'bout. The woman that'll manage Sam Hillyer ain't born.'

"At this minit a man came to the door of the kitchen where we was sittin' an' said, 'All as want to look at the corpse, please walk in.' I went in with the rest, an tuk a look at the pore critter, an' went on through the room where she lay, across a great hall, into another big room, an' I thought a hundred yards o' carpet wouldn't begin to cover all them floors. My! but they looked cold an' dreary, an' I said to Marthy Jane Holly, when we got back to their cozy little house, that it 'peared to me I'd freeze to death there.

"Well, when my visit was out I went home, an' I declare I never thought once of him; but along about Christmas, what does Marthy Jane Holly's man do but come down to our house with him in a sleigh! You might a' upsot me with a feather when they walked in.

"You see I was nigh on to thirty-five, an' not bein' extra good-lookin', I'd 'bout concluded nobody'd ever want me for a wife; but the long and short of it was, he had heard about me, an' he said he was lonesome an' his children needed lookin' after; an' I tell you he's a good talker; an' Marthy Jane Holly came to see me, an' said all he needed was the right kind of a woman to manage him; that he was a good pervider, an' had about as good a farm as there was in the county; an' my brother Jim, as I was livin' with, an' Cynthy his wife—she was Cynthy Smith, ole Tom Smith's daughter, you know—they said it was a splendid chance fur me; they knowed I could get along with him, an' so I give in; but I sort o' mistrusted that air sot mouth of his all the time. But, as I said, I 'greed to hev him at last, an' we was married at brother Jim's early in March, an' Jim an' Cynthy giv me a right nice weddin' dinner. I will say that fer 'em; an', what's more, I always will believe they thought it was a good thing fer a old maid like me to git to be Mrs. Squire Hillyer.

"I felt a little jubious about his children wantin' a step-mother. You see, the oldest girl, Emly, was about eighteen, an' I thought maybe she liked bein' boss; but laws, she 'peared glad when I come, an' had a real nice supper ready; an' Barbary, the next girl, was a smilin' too; an' I heerd her tell the boys—there was three of them, from fourteen down to ten years old—that she liked my looks.

"Well, I kin tell you, it wasn't long afore I found out that managin' him was no easy matter; an' Emly was his picter. When he wanted a thing done it had to be done his way; an' she was like him; an' so they didn't agree very well, an' he hevin' the power she hed to give up; an' so she was most always in a bad humor. The boys, too, especially Steve, the oldest of the three, was everlastin' quarrelin'. So I begun to think afore many weeks that I'd better staid single, even if it wasn't pleasant livin' with sister-in-laws; an' ef it hadn't been for Barbary I dun know what I'd a dun; but Barbary—dear, dear, I choke up yet when I think of her. She was so pretty, with her big blue eyes an' white skin an' red mouth.

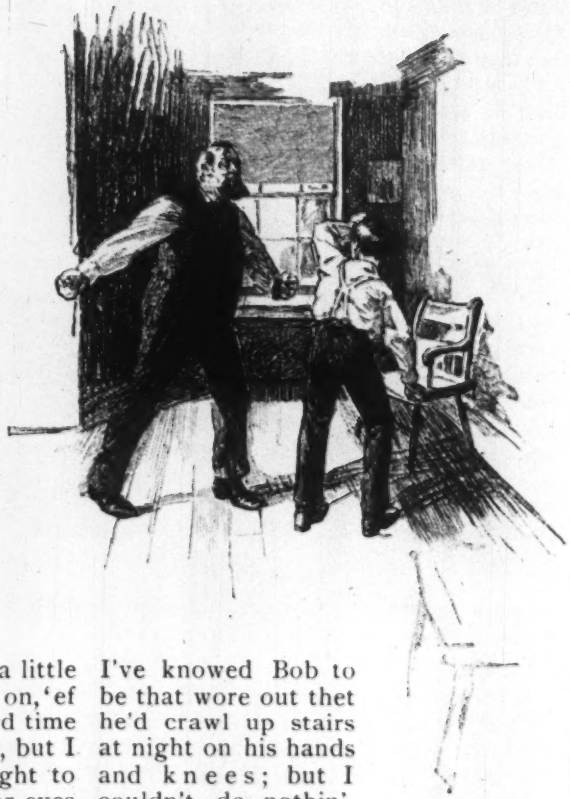
"I can't somehow help likin' good-lookin' folks; an' I do think it's a real misfortune fer a girl to be ugly. Mebbe I'm wrong, but I know I allays felt it was to me; an' the minit I see Barbary I liked her, and the more I see her the more I liked her. She was that sweet in her ways, allays givin' up to Emly, an' a callin' of me 'ma,' from the start, which is more than Emly ever has to this day. An' I soon see she was his favrite. Not as he said so; but I could see his eyes follerin' her as she went singin' round the house, an' then she never said nothin' back to him, no odds what he said, an' Emly, pore thing, never could hold that sharp tongue of hern. Not that she wasn't right often, an' him wrong; but what's the use of bangin' your head agin a stone wall, I say.

"I couldn't help laughin' to myself a little, fer all it hurt mighty bad, when I thought of Marthy Jane Holly and Cynthy talkin' o' managin' him. I did try to better things at first. There was so much hard work. You see, there was nine in the family, countin' the two hands; an' allays eight or nine cows to milk, an' the chickens an' the garden, an' we women hed all them to 'tend ter; an' I says one day, 'Ef you'd let the girls hev part of the butter money for theirselves, don't you think they'd like it? Girls wants a little money sometimes.' He jist gimme one look out o' them steely eyes of his, an' says he, 'The butter an' eggs hes allays bought the groceries. You better not be puttin' fool notions in them children's heads;' an' his mouth shet down like a rat-trap, an' you better know I hushed up; but I kept a thinkin'. Wimmen will, you know, an' I thought, 'He calls 'em children. Well, I ken tell him they're past that; an' ef I ain't fooled, Emly'll show him pretty soon,' fur I'd see her an' one o' the hands together a good deal. He was a nice enough young man, so I didn't meddle. What'd ben the use? Well, after a while I found out 'at Barbary wanted a organ awful bad; an' the school-miss 'at taught the deestric school, where the three boys went to school all winter, hed got the spring term, an' wanted to board at our house; an' said ef Barbary hed a organ she'd learn her to play fur her board. So I thought I'd tackle him agin, an' I was as cunnin' as I knowed how to be. I said how good Barbary was, an' how

she could sing like a bird ; an' how we'd all enjoy music, an' it wouldn't cost much. But laws, I might as well talked to the wind. He sot that mouth of his'n an' says, says he, 'My girls can play on the wash-board ; that's the insterment their mother hed, an' I won't hev no finniky school-misses boardin' here, puttin' things in their heads. There's a leetle more o' that now than I fancy.'

"That's a hit at me, you see ; but laws ! I didn't care. I guess I was too old to be in love when I married, an' somehow he didn't make me feel very sentimental, as they call it. I sot out to do my duty, though, an' I tried to do it. I tole Barbary it was no use talkin' 'bout a organ, an' she cried an' said, 'Ef pap was a pore man I wouldn't want it. But he's rich, an' he might let us be a little like other folk ; an', ma,' she went on, 'ef my mother hedn't had sich a hard time I believe she'd ben a livin' yet, but I guess pap didn't mean it. I ought to be ashamed.' And she wiped her eyes and went up stairs. Well, things went on the same way ; but I was gettin' to think lots of the children. The boys was rough sometimes ; but I allays liked boys, an' never told tales ; an' when Steve wanted me to praise his colt—for his pap hed give him a fine one—or Bob wanted me to give his calf more'n its share of milk, or little Tom wanted anything I could get fer him, I allays humored 'em ; an' I knew they liked me ef I wasn't their own mother.

"We hed an awful lot of work the summer a year after I went there. He put in a big crop, fur he said he was bound to pay fer a twenty-acre pasture he hed jest bought, an' so we hed to be up airly an' late. You see, he got two more cows, an' hired another hand ; an' I declare it was like a big hotel, only I believe it was harder. An' I thought he'd work hisself to death, too ; fur there wasn't a lazy bone in his body ; an' the boys—I was sorry fur the little fellers. It seems to me folks thinks children never gets tired. Why,



I've knowed Bob to be that wore out thet he'd crawl up stairs at night on his hands and k n e e s ; but I couldn't do nothin', only be good to 'em.

"Well, one day he fell out with the hand thet I'd seen Emly liked, an' turned him off—right in harvest time, too. An' thet didn't help matters, fer Emly sulked, an' the man was a good worker, an' his place couldn't be filled. An' so the squire was cross as a bear. An' him and Emly had several fusses, an' at last she told him she was goin' to marry Sam White—thet was the feller's name. My ! I'll never forget thet time. But it's no use talkin' it over. Emly faced her pap to the last ; an' me an' Barbary cried. An' it ended in Emly packin' up her things an' goin' to one of the neighbors. An' I must say I don't believe what came afterwards would have happened if Emly hadn't aggervated him the way she did.

"Of course it wasn't any easier on me an' Barbary after Emly was gone, though I do say the hired men was awful clever, helpin' us whenever they could ; an' I says to Barbary one day, 'Don't you fall in love with any one of

them boys, fer I can't spare you.' An' she laughed, an' her face turned red. An' you could a' upsot me with a feather when she says, cried like, 'I won't, ma; I'm engaged to Phil Thomas.' 'Barbary Hillyer,' says I, 'you ain't no such thing!' 'Yes I am, ma,' she says; 'but we're goin' to wait till he's of age; he's only turned twenty now.' 'Dear me,' thinks I, 'what will the squire say?' You see I never'd thought of Barbary carin' fer anybody. All the young fellers in the neighborhood took every chance to be with her, an' was comin' to the house on errands, or to see Steve, an' hangin' 'round Sundays. But laws! I never thought of her carin' more fer one than t'other. An' I wondered how it would turn out. Phil was a very nice boy, but his folks wasn't very well off, an' I felt worried. An' so time went on. Harvest was over, an' Emly married, an' her man, we heard, had rented a farm in the neighborhood; when one day, Barbary an' me bein' busy in the kitchen, the squire come in, seemin' in a mighty good humor, an' he says, 'I tell you, mother'—he called me that nearly always—'I've had a streak of luck. I got a big price for Selim an' he's gone.' Now Selim was the name Steve had given his colt; an' I says, 'Selim! Why, you surely haven't sold Steve's colt?' He laughed. 'Steve's colt,' he said, 'but my horse; the beast's over four years old.' 'O pap!' said Barbary, 'you oughtn't done it; Steve loved him so.'

"'I'll give him the black colt,' said pap, 'an' a new suit o' clothes; that'll make it all right.' But it didn't. When Steve found his horse had been sold, he flew into a dreadful rage. An' I

couldn't blame him, though I tried to pacify him, tellin' him his pap hed a right to do as he pleased. 'He hed no right to sell my horse,' cried the boy: 'he gave him to me right at first, an' I raised him, an' he'd nicker to me, an' let me do anything with him, an' I loved him; an' fur pap to sell him, without even tellin' me, he's no better than a horse thief.'

"'O Stevey,' says I, 'don't talk so; it's wicked.' But the boy was wild. 'It's not wicked to tell the truth,' he said. 'What'd he give him to me fur if he was goin' to sell him? I say he is a thief to sell what didn't belong to him!' Oh dear, dear! His pap heerd Steve; fur jist then he came in, an' grabbed the boy by the collar, an' flung him across the room. The poor fellow staggered an' saved himself from falling; an' the squire caught him again, kicked him savagely, and, opening the door, threw him into the yard. You needn't think Steve didn't show fight. But what could a slender lad of fifteen do against a strong man? I was that scared I couldn't move or speak. And as fur Barbary, she was white as a sheet as her pap shut the door on Steve and turned around. He looked at us a minit; his eyes was glarin' an' his face red as fire. 'You git to work, miss; an' as fur you,' he said to me, 'you let that boy alone; none o' your pettin' him. Do you hear?" I didn't say a word, an' he went in the room, bangin' the door to after him.

"We looked at each other. Then Barbary, with her white face set sort o' like her father's, walked to the kitchen door, opened it, an' went out in the darkness, for it was a cloudy evening. And supper was late, owin' to the men bein' at work in the lower meadow. I dished up the meal and called all hands; but neither Barbary or Steve came in, an' we ate without 'em. I was mighty feared their pap would ask for 'em, but he didn't. An' as soon as the men went out of the kitchen I went to look fur 'em. I soon found Barbary; she was settin' on the back porch, cryin'. But she wouldn't say one thing about Steve. She dried her eyes an' helped do up the work, an' then went up stairs; said her head ached an' she was goin' to bed. I had to go in the room, as it was bed-time, an' I didn't know what to do. I slipped out an' hunted for Steve. Then I went up stairs, thinkin' mebbe he'd gone round the house to the front door. But he hadn't, an' the boys said they hadn't saw him. So I had to say, before I lay down, 'I guess Steve ain't in the house.'

"'Let him stay out then,' said the squire, angry as ever. He hadn't spoke to me all the evenin' since the fuss. 'I'll let him know I'm boss here.'

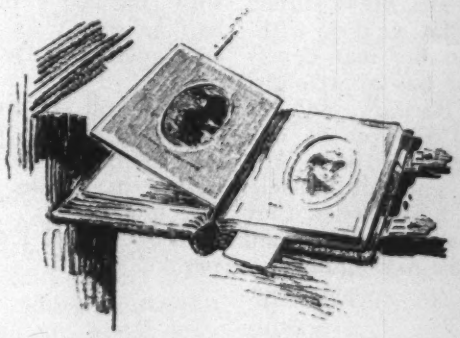
"I didn't sleep much that night, an' I thought, 'Well, Sally Humphrey was a happier woman than Mrs. Squire Hillyer, I reckon, but Mrs. does sound better.' Not a word was said in the morning till breakfast was called. Then little Tom asked for Steve. 'I reckon he's asleep in the barn,' said pap; 'go tell him to come in; he's acted the fool long enough.' The boy went, but soon came back, saying he 'couldn't find Steve.' I see squire's face change color. But he sat down to the table without a word, an' we was about half through breakfast when there was a knock at the back door. Barbary opened the door, an' a strange man walked in. 'Squire,' he said, 'good mornin'. That horse I bought of yer yesterday is missin', an' I thought mebbe I'd find him here. He either got out of the stable or was taken out.'

"For a minit nobody spoke. Then Tommy said, 'Pap, Selim ain't here. Mebbe Steve's gone after him.'

"'Who's Steve?' said the stranger. 'He is my son,' answered pap, quickly. 'You shall have our help, sir, in getting your horse. Set down an' eat a bite while I look about a bit.' The stranger sat down, an' Barbary poured his coffee, while I followed the squire out. As soon as the door closed behind us he grabbed my arm. 'Where's that boy?' he whispered savagely. 'I don't know,' I said, fer I didn't. He looked at me. His face turned most the color of ashes. 'O God!' he cried; then he hurried toward the stable.

"I was kind o' stunned fer awhile. I saw he thought Steve had gone an' got the horse an' was gone. But I knew better. I felt somehow Steve was not that kind of a boy. The stranger came out, an' pretty soon he an' the squire rode off. I went in to Barbary. She was tryin' to eat, with tears runnin' down her face.

"'Barbary,' said I, 'where kin Steve be? Your pap's nearly crazy fer fear he has stole Selim an' gone off.' Barbary's face flamed up. 'Steve's no thief,' she said, 'wherever he is.' An' I couldn't get another word out of her. It was an awful long, hot day, an' we had a big ironin' to do. Barbary worked hard all mornin', but after dinner she got real sick, an' I made her go out o' doors and set in the shade. After a while I heerd her call me, an' goin' out I see Phil Thomas a talkin' to her.



"'Ma,' she called out, as soon as she see me, 'Phil says Steve's at their house, and has been all night. I thought he'd go there or to Emly's.' 'Is he comin' home?' I asked Phil. He shook his head. 'Emly is at our house now,' he said, 'an' I think he'll go home with her. He is pretty badly hurt from a fall, he says, an' is somewhat lame, but he'll get along.' I went in to my ironin', feelin' thankful, an' left the youngsters to themselves. Bless 'em! they made a pretty pair.

"Phil stayed till about four o'clock, an' after he was gone Barbary come in to help about supper. 'I wish pap 'd come,' she kep saying; 'I want him to know Steve is no thief.' Presently she ran out on the back porch and stood lookin' down the road, an' I heerd the clatterin' of a horse, an' I run out jist in time to see Barbary go like a flash out of the back gate towards the stable. It was all over in a minute. I see the horse rare up as she flung the open door to. I see her pap hangin' with one foot in the stirrup, his head draggin', though one hand still held the bridle; an' I got to him somehow jist as he got his foot loose, an' I helped him up, an' there lay Barbary white an' still. Her pap let go the horse an' stooped down. 'Barbary!' he said. She never moved. 'She's dead,' I said; 'what done it? O Barbary! my precious! what hurt you?' 'Be still!' he said sharply; 'she's not dead. Help get her in the house.' We lifted her up an' she opened her eyes. 'Phil,' she whispered faintly, 'tell pap Steve—' then her voice ceased, an' her sweet eyes shut again. We got her on the bed, an' I got the camphire, an' pap rung the big bell for the hands, an' soon as they come in sent one for the doctor. But I found where she was hurt. There was a great ugly bruise right between her pretty white shoulders. A little stream of blood begun to trickle out of her mouth. 'Send over to Thomas's,' I said, 'for Phil an' Steve an' Emly.' He thought I'd lost my senses, I know. 'They're there,' I said. 'Phil was here.' In spite of his trouble his face lighted up. 'Then Steve is not—' he began, but at the name Barbary's eyes opened again. 'Never mind pap; he don't—he don't mean it, Stevey,' she muttered. 'I know it's hard, but I guess he likes us children.' 'Go,' I said, 'send fer 'em.' He went out with that queer gray color creepin' over his face that I see in the mornin'. An' pretty soon I heerd the horse gallopin' off. Then he came back. Well, we done all we could. The doctor came, an' Phil an' Steve an' Emly an' her man. But she never spoke but once after they came. She murmured then brokenly. All we could make out was, 'Pap—Steve never—ma's real good—Phil—mother!' she cried aloud at last, an' her eyes opened wide, an' she looked wonderingly at us, fixin' her gaze for a little on her pap, who stood at the foot of the bed. Then a long shudder shook her body, an' her breath

came in gasps; a torrent of blood poured out of her mouth, an' she was gone.

"Yes, we had to bear it. People can bear things when they have to. But he's never been the same man. An' his face keeps that queer color. I've heerd that when that ashy look comes to anybody they've got their death blow. They may live a few years, but it's death it means.

"'How did he get throwed?' Well, you see, jest as he rode in at the barnyard gate, the horse sheered an' throwed him, an' his feet caught. Barbary see it all, an' see the stable door open. She knowed the horse'd make fur his stall an' her pap's brains 'd be knocked out; an' she got there in time to shut the door, an' when the horse rared up he struck her afore she could git out of the way. Yes, Steve stayed at home. I dunno what we'd do without him; an' Emly an' her man comes over right often. She has a little girl now. She calls it Barbary, an' it's mighty cute. But it'll never be like my Barbary to me or pap either. An', after all, Selim had got out himself, an' was on his way home when they caught him. But pore Stevey, he said he never wanted to see him again.

"Phil Thomas? He was pretty downhearted for a good while; but he's chirked up now, an' I heard he was waitin' on Melinda Jones. She's a nice girl, but she couldn't hold a candle to Barbary.

"'Dead folks soon forgot,' you say. I don't believe it. Folks don't forget; but they can't go mournin' always. An' it wouldn't be right ef they could. I know long as I live I'll never forgit my girlie, who give up her sweet young life to save her pap. No, I'm not sorry I married him either. He's awful good, ef he is a little close with money. But that's his nature. I reckon it's cause he knows how hard it is to git. But, bless my heart, it's nigh four o'clock, and that girl will never git supper on without I see to it; so you must excuse me a while. There's the album with Barbary's picter in it. Tain't half as pretty as she was; but you can guess a little what she's like by it.

"Ef you see him comin', jist slip it out o' sight; he can't bear to see it. There's some of my folks' likenesses in it too. No, I never did hev mine taken. Don't reckon I ever will, but laws! I must see about supper."

THE OBSERVATORY ON TOP OF MT. BLANC.

UNDER WHAT DIFFICULTIES IT WAS ERECTED—WHAT GREAT PROBLEMS IN ASTRONOMY IT IS LIKELY TO SOLVE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

FORTY minutes down the Seine from the centre of Paris, by a *bateau-mouche*, lands one at Bas-Meudon. A quick climb by a "funicular," and you are at the foot of one of the most magnificent linden avenues in France. The quadruple row mounts a gentle slope to a broad terrace. Leaning over the balustrade one has a wonderful panorama stretching from right to left—Paris, with towers, domes, spires, and arches; the Seine, with its bridges and boats; the rolling country south; and, in the near foreground, a forest and a village.

Avenue, terrace, and forest belong to one of the historic properties of France—a property whose chateaux came from the hands of Philibert Delorme and Mansard; whose gardens were laid out by Le Nôtre; whose occupants have been from among all that was royal and gay in the French court since the days when François I. went there to visit the Duchess d'Étampes; whose forest is alive with memories of Rabelais and Madame Roland; and within whose boundaries, during the Revolution, was situated the famous tannery of human skins, and, during the siege of Paris in 1870, were camped the Prussians.

All these historical souvenirs are dimmed by the fame of the present master, and all the brilliant and tragic events which have centred about the old chateaux are of little import compared to the daily work now going on there. Since 1876, the chateau of Meudon, left in ruins by the Prussians, has had its walls patched with rough red bricks, its open roof topped by a mammoth dome, and has been used as an observatory by the eminent French astronomer Janssen, and the remnant of the ancient lodge has been his home.

Meudon has, however, a still nearer interest for us here than the fact that it is the home and, in a sense, the monument of M. Janssen. It is the birthplace of the investigations which have led to one of the most extraordinary undertakings of this generation—the erection of an observatory at the summit of Mt. Blanc.

It was a ray of sunlight that led the way, as a little look at the principles which M. Janssen has been following in his investigations will show.

IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING THE TRUE COMPOSITION OF THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE.

If one looks at a ray of sunlight passed through a spectroscope, he sees that the spectrum is marked by a great number of dark lines. And a scientist will tell him that, whenever a beam of light passes through a gas, certain of its rays are absorbed, and that the spectrum of the beam shows, in the place of the absorbed rays, certain dark lines. The scientist will tell him, also, that each element in a gaseous state produces a spectrum peculiar to itself, and which shows itself, in the spectrum of a ray of light passed through it, in an invariable position, and by a characteristic system of lines. From these facts it is evident that, if an observer knew the spectra of all elements, he could tell at once the gases of what substances—that is, the kind of atmosphere—his ray of solar light had passed through. But a ray of solar light

passes through two atmospheres, that of the sun and that of the earth. Does the latter influence the spectrum? If it does, it is clear that we cannot decide on the nature of the sun's atmosphere until we have cancelled the influence of the terrestrial atmosphere from the spectrum.

It was as many as thirty years ago that M. Janssen began to ponder this problem, and set himself the task of studying the spectra of the gases and vapors which form the earth's atmosphere, in order to find out what part, if any, they play in the solar spectrum. These investigations have far-reaching consequences. They look beyond the sun, and apply to all planetary and stellar bodies. They are the starting points from which to carry on all researches on the atmospheres of the planets, the nature of which must be known before it will be possible to say if these bodies can support life. When M. Janssen proposed to study the spectra of the gases in the earth's atmospheres he had begun to study the question of the ages: "Are the planets inhabited?"

It was not until 1885, however, that the particular investigations which interest us here began at Meudon. In that year the apparatus necessary to study various gases was put up, and M. Janssen began his work. His attention was soon turned almost exclusively to oxygen. In 1886 he announced that this gas shows itself in the spectrum of a ray of light passed through it, by a system of fine lines and bands which are not easily resolved.

A year later he announced the laws which control the phenomena of absorption in oxygen. These laws are such that the spectrum shows sometimes the lines, sometimes the bands, sometimes both. When M. Janssen interrogated the solar spectrum for oxygen, he found the characteristic lines and bands. Where did they come from? Undoubtedly, a part from the earth's atmosphere. But did any part of them originate in the sun's atmosphere? The question was serious.

Science has predicted that one day the fires of the sun will cool. As this cooling process goes on, the temperature of the envelope of the body will be affected. This latter contains, we know, great quantities of hydrogen. If, at the same time, it contains oxygen, necessarily, when a certain point has been reached in the reduction of the temperature, the two gases will unite and form vapor. A greater disaster to our solar system than a screen of vapor about the sun could not be imagined. In this fog the heat of the sun's rays would be absorbed, and the death of the planets from cold greatly hastened. Certainly, there is no danger of a speedy realization of this desolate fate. But science is neither personal nor selfish. The coming ages interest her as much as the present.

M. Janssen resolved to find out if this lot was awaiting the earth; if her future was to be cut short by a veil of vapor. That is, he resolved to find out the origin of the oxygen lines in the solar spectrum. But how could it be done? "How separate the certain action of the terrestrial atmosphere from the hypothetical action of the solar atmosphere?"

There was one evident method. If he could reach the limit of the earth's atmosphere, and there examine the solar spectrum, the question could be solved at once. If the spectrum there was free from oxygen marks, why, then, those observed at the surface were due to absorption as the ray passed through the earth's atmosphere.

Not being able to reach this limit, M. Janssen decided to ascend as high as possible above the earth's surface for observation. If he found that the lines grew paler, or disappeared, and that the degree of the diminution in intensity and in number corresponded to the difference in the quantity of oxygen in the earth's atmosphere at and below the point of observation, then he would be justified in concluding that, in reaching the limits of the envelope (the earth's atmosphere), all the lines would disappear from the spectrum, and that, consequently, the atmosphere of the sun contained no oxygen.

It was in October, 1888, that the first experiment was made. The place chosen was the station on the route to

JULES PIERRE CÉSAR JANSSEN.

the summit of Mt. Blanc called the Grands Mulets, ten thousand and seven feet above sea level. The difficulty of making this ascent so late in the season —the refuge at the Grands Mulets was already closed, and quantities of snow had fallen—was great for any one but an experienced Alpinist. But M. Janssen is not easily baffled. He called a company of picked guides, and laid out a campaign which resulted successfully, the party reaching the station after thirteen hours of toil, over a road which in the season does not require more than four or five.

If the ascent had been severe, the reward was more than a compensation. The weather proved to be favorable, and M. Janssen succeeded in making a series of experiments which led him to

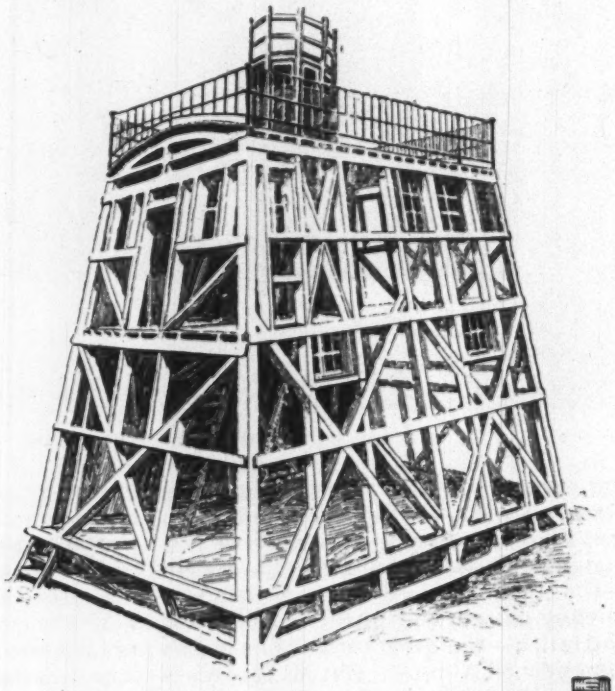
announce to the Academy of Science: "The lines and bands of the spectrum due to oxygen result exclusively from the earth's atmosphere. The solar atmosphere has nothing to do with the phenomenon. It is exclusively telluric."

Certain as the astronomer was of the conclusion, he was not satisfied. There was another experiment which could be made, and which would be still more complete. This was to make the observations in the ray on top of Mt. Blanc.

M. JANSSEN'S HARDIHOOD IN BEHALF OF SCIENCE.

To see M. Janssen, a little man of nearly seventy years of age, with a halt in his gait, going about in his library, where piles of books and pamphlets, astronomical contrivances and celestial photographs hide him half of the time from view, one would not at first admit the possibility of his living through so dangerous and exhausting an expedition as the ascent of Mt. Blanc. It is only when one remarks the freshness of his face, half-hid under the abundant snowy hair and beard, the brightness of his eye, and the youthfulness of his voice, that one sees the real vigor and intrepidity of the man. A glance at the map of the expeditions he has made, reconciles one still further to the idea. His life has, in fact, been filled by a succession of hazardous and daring scientific undertakings. He has hunted the magnetic equator in the forests of South America; ascended the Himalayas; and descended into the crater of Kilauea, where, alone, during an eruption, he remained a night, making observations. He has braved heat and cold, earthquake and tempest. One of the pluckiest of his undertakings, and one which serves, perhaps, as well as any, to show his resolution and his independence, as well as his devotion to science, is a balloon ascent made in 1870. In December of that year, an eclipse took place, visible in Algeria. M. Janssen had been appointed to observe it. But he was in Paris, and Paris was in a state of siege. Unwilling to resign his mission, and too proud to ask a favor of the enemy, he left the city December 2d in a balloon. In five hours he landed a hundred leagues away. When he reached his post he learned that the English astronomers had asked that he be allowed to leave the city, and that the Prussians were about to grant the permission.

Only such a record is sufficient to explain his ascent of Mt. Blanc in 1890. At first, as he confesses himself, the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The trip to the Grands Mulets had fatigued him seriously. Could he mount five thousand seven hundred and twenty-three feet higher, by a path which requires two or three times as great effort, and in an atmosphere of increasing rarity? "There are very few things that cannot be overcome by



A DESIGN SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OBSERVATORY.

a strong will and profound study," says M. Janssen. He made up his mind to go, and set himself to solving the difficulties. To begin with, he gave up the idea of ascending on foot. He wanted to save his strength for mental effort at the summit. In 1888 he had been carried up in a chair hung from the centre of a long ladder, the ends of which were placed on the shoulders of the guides. The result had been very good; but M. Janssen did not care to trust himself to this swinging chair over the perpendicular cliffs of the upper steeps. A new vehicle was necessary. He decided on a species of Lapland sled, to which should be attached rope ladders long enough not to interfere with the movements of the guides.

THE OBSERVATORY. DRAWN FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY PROFESSOR JANSSEN.

But the difficulty of finding some one to draw the ingenious contrivance was not a small matter. The guides of Chamouni are autocrats in their way, and do not often tolerate the ideas of climbers who are not Alpinists. However, the success of M. Janssen's chair, in 1888, had impressed them, and at last the astronomer succeeded in enlisting a sufficient number to attempt the ascent.

The party—twenty-two guides had joined it—started out on August 17. The sled worked perfectly. It is true it stood sometimes on one runner, the other being on the shoulders of the guides; it ran along ridges narrower than itself; it mounted pitches at frightful angles, but always with success, thanks to the courage of the guides, and the *sang-froid* and wise directions of the traveller.

About one o'clock on the 18th the party reached the point known as the "Bosses," about one thousand feet below the summit. The intention was to finish the trip the next day; but a terrible tempest arose that night, and it did not cease until the 21st. During two days and three nights the wind beat the mountain with a violence equal, says M. Janssen, to that which he experienced in 1874, in the harbor of Hong-Kong, where he had conducted the French mission to observe the transit of Venus—a typhoon which, it will be remembered, destroyed a part of the city and ravaged the China Sea.

When the storm was over, ten of the guides left, worn out by their stay in the cabin, and skeptical, too, of the possibility of hoisting a man on a sled, and a quantity of delicate instruments, up the remaining steeps—the most difficult and treacherous part of the ascent. M. Janssen harangued his "twelve apostles," as he dubbed the remaining guides, and the party started. It was a dizzy climb, but the last obstacle was passed finally, and the summit of Mt. Blanc came under the possession of science.

"I cannot express the emotion," says M. Janssen, "which seized me when, the summit gained, my eye embraced the immense circle which unrolled around me.

"The weather was perfect, the purity of the atmosphere such that my eye reached to the bottom of the most distant valleys. The far horizon alone was veiled by a light fog. I had under my eyes all the southeast of France, the north of Italy and the Apennines,

Switzerland, with its sea of mountains and glaciers.

"Hills, valleys, plains, cities, in the immense thickness of the atmosphere which separated them from me, gave me the impression of a world lying at the bottom of an immense ocean of celestial blue water. It seemed to me that I heard the noises and movements which rose from below, and came to die at my feet.

"When my eye left these distant marvels, and turned to the scene near me, the contrast was striking. It was a world of glaciers, of ragged peaks, of white precipices, where a loud silence reigned. I fancied myself in the midst of one of those scenes which we can imagine on the earth when she shall have grown old, when the cold shall have driven away her life, and the profound silence of the end shall reign upon her frozen face."

All the time that it was safe to remain in this high spot unsheltered, the astronomer spent in observation. The report of the expedition was made to the Academy of Science on September 22, 1890. M. Janssen declared, in regard to the solar spectrum, that his observations completed and confirmed those he had commenced two years before, at the station of the Grands Mulets, and showed that there is no oxygen in the gaseous envelope which surmounts the photosphere; at least no oxygen with a constitution which allows it to exercise on light the phenomena of absorption which it produces in our atmosphere.

But he announced other conclusions: that intellectual work is by no means impossible in high stations, upon condition that one makes no physical effort in getting there; and that, in his judgment, there would be an interest of the first order for physical astronomy, for terrestrial physics, and for meteorology, in establishing an observatory at or near the summit of Mt. Blanc.

"I know," said M. Janssen, "that it will be said that the difficulty of building such an edifice on so elevated a summit is great; that one can get there only by severe effort; that violent tempests often rage there. All these obstacles are real, but not unconquerable. At least, such is my opinion after a careful study of the question, and after having made the ascent."

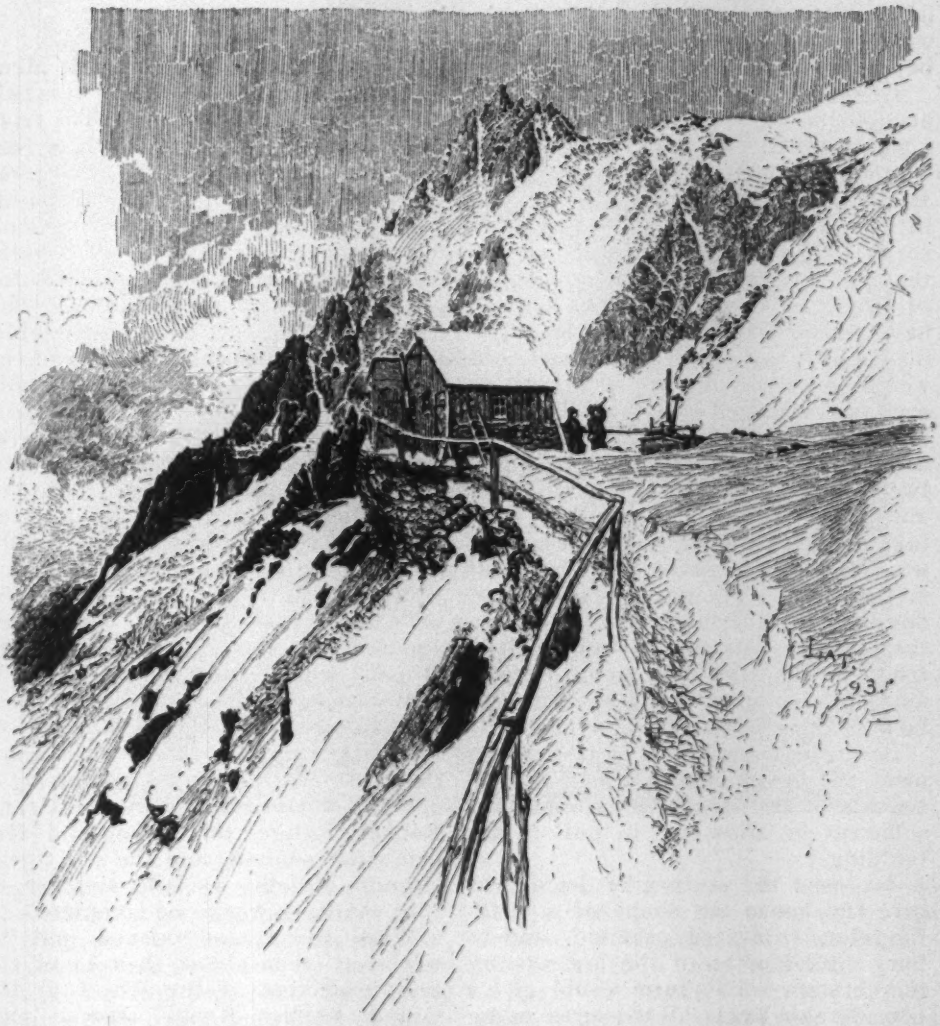
It must not be supposed that M. Janssen's idea of the value of an elevated astronomical station was founded only on his observations on Mt. Blanc. In his life as an astronomer, he has had frequent opportunities of testing the advantages of high stations. In 1864 he had passed eight days at the summit of the Faulhorn, studying the action of the earth's atmosphere in the rays of the solar spectrum. In 1867 he had worked on Etna and the Pic des Açores. In 1868 he observed the eclipse of that year on the Himalayas. In 1871 he was at Schooler, in the Neilgherry Hills, India, for the eclipse of the 12th of December. The remarkable results of these expeditions, particularly of the last two (in that of 1868 he had discovered the nature of the solar protuberances, as well as a method of studying them; and in that of 1871 the existence of that vast gaseous atmosphere of the sun which, at the time of a total eclipse, produces the magnificent corona) had convinced M. Janssen that elevated astronomical stations would be of the greatest service to astronomy. This conviction had been confirmed largely by the success of American astronomers in observing the eclipse of 1878 from high elevations.

The report made to the Academy received immediate response. M. Bischoffsheim of the observatory of Nice, Prince Roland Bonaparte, the Baron de Rothschild, and M. Eiffel offered their aid to the energetic scientist in establishing an observatory on Mt. Blanc. Thus supported he began his plans at once.

SEEKING A SITE FOR THE MT. BLANC OBSERVATORY.

The first concern was to search the solid rock for a foundation. The depth of the snow and ice at the summit was unknown, but the general opinion was that it was not great. M. Imfield, a Swiss engineer, was charged with the mission of searching the rock, the difficulties and dangers of which search are apparent. In August, 1891, the engineer

began to run a horizontal gallery into the snow, at about forty feet below the summit. This gallery was continued from north to south for some seventy feet. But no rock, no real ice in fact, was found; nothing but a hardened snow. Now, as the head of Mt. Blanc is narrow from north to south, but some three hundred feet long from east to west, it was decided to run a gallery from east to west, beginning it at the end of the first one. This was done to the length of seventy feet, and still no rock.



THE REFUGE AT LES GRANDS MULETS.

M. Janssen was not surprised at the result. It was possible that the cover-lid of snow was over forty feet in thickness; or that, if it was not, the gallery had passed between two needles. But since he had not found the rock, he changed his plan, and proposed to build his house on the snow. The idea was bold, but reflection convinced him that it was practicable. There were three important questions to settle. Did the snow undergo movements which would carry off a structure placed upon it? Would its resistance be sufficient to support so great a weight? Could there be a means devised to prevent

the winds from picking up the observatory and transporting it into another country? After having studied the descriptions of the summit given by early Alpinists, and after having talked with the guides familiar with the mountain, M. Janssen concluded that there was but little movement of the cover-lid; and that, if any did take place, it was of a glacier-like slowness, and could be easily counteracted.

To settle the question of the resistance of the snow, he made an interesting experiment. Says he, "During the winter I piled up, in one of the courts at Meudon, as high as the first story, a little mountain of snow. It was packed so as to give it the same density as that which covers Mt. Blanc at a depth of from four to six feet. The summit having been levelled, disks of lead of a diameter of thirty-five centimeters, and weighing about eighty-four pounds each, were placed upon it. The first one scarcely made an imprint. The column was raised until it contained twelve disks, a weight of one thousand and eight pounds. When they were taken off and the imprint measured, it was found to be seven to eight millimeters deep. The gardeners who had done the work would scarcely believe their eyes. This high column of lead rising slowly, without seeming to make any impression on the snow, seemed to be held there by some magic power."

Basing his calculations on this experiment, M. Janssen decided that the resistance of the snow at the summit was sufficient to allow him to put up the building.

To resist the storms, he decided to give the house the shape of a quadrangular, truncated pyramid, and to bury three-fourths of the lower story in the snow. This form would give a considerable base; all the surrounding snow would tend to hold it in place, and the inclination of the exposed walls would "shed" the wind and diminish its effects.

To make a beginning, he had a little cabin erected at the summit in 1891. Four months after it was put up, in January, 1892, it was visited, and found not to have changed its position materially. The snow without had not changed level sensibly, and there was no snow within. This was a strong confirmation of M. Janssen's theories, and he proceeded to the construction of the observatory itself.

HOW THE OBSERVATORY WAS BUILT AND ERECTED.

The structure was prepared at Meudon under M. Janssen's eyes. It is two stories high, with a terrace. The rectangular base is about thirty-three feet long by fifteen feet wide. A spiral staircase runs the height of the building, and unites the two stories and the terrace, which is raised several feet and supports a platform intended for meteorological observations. The walls, windows, and doors are double. Care was taken to knit the parts of the structure in such a way that the whole would be rigid, and would support putting back into place, in case a movement of the snow carried it out. Particular attention was given also to make the structure light, as well as rigid, in order to lessen the difficulty of mounting it to the top.

In 1892 the observatory was shipped to Chamouni. All told it weighed about fifteen tons, and, when put up in loads which could be carried on a man's back, it was found that there were seven or eight hundred of them. During the summer of 1892, the workmen succeeded in getting a quarter of this material to the Grand Rocher Rouge, three thousand feet below the summit, and the rest to the Grands Mulets. In the summer of 1893 the work was to be completed.

When the season opened, and the workmen went about their tasks, the first inspection of the stores at the Grand Rocher Rouge showed that a large part of the supplies had disappeared. There was general consternation, for not an accident, scarcely a *faux pas*, had happened in the five years' work. The supplies were found, however, buried some thirty feet beneath the snow. All through the season long lines of workmen crawled like spiders over the glassy upper steeps of the mountain, hoisting by an

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ingenious system of pulleys and cranes the materials for the observatory.

When every thing was on the spot, the carpenters were sent to the top to put the building together. By a happy chance they had fifteen days of absolutely calm weather, and by the 8th of September, 1893, the observatory was in place—walls standing, floors laid, staircase up, windows in; all done, in short, but a part of the terrace. Impatient to see the new work, M. Janssen hastened to the summit. It was the 11th of September that he reached the new building, which, upon inspection, he found entirely satisfactory, with one exception. It was not as deeply buried in the snow as he had ordered. This defect, M. Janssen tells me, he hopes to have repaired.

Eager to begin work in the new observatory, the astronomer sent his guides back to the Grand Rocher Rouge, where the provisions and instruments had been left, with orders to bring up the latter first. The order was obeyed; but, unhappily, the men had only reached the observatory when the weather changed, and the party remained two days away from their food supplies.

In spite of the discomfort caused by

this misfortune, M. Janssen found himself in good working condition when the storm cleared away and he could go about his observations. Indeed, all his faculties seemed to be quickened, and he speaks with something like awe of the distinctness of the impressions made upon him by a sunset of great grandeur which occurred after the storm had ceased.

"Why," asks he, "were my emotions so intense? Why, particularly, during the four nights I spent at the summit, did I experience a sensation of delicious lightness throughout my being? Why did it seem to me that a burden which until then had chained and weighed down my mind was lifted, and that now I could grapple with the most difficult and the most delicate questions of a high moral kind, in full liberty and love?

"Was it simply the effect of the rarity of the air at these high altitudes? Did there not enter other causes still unknown, and which will be studied by-and-by?

"However it may be, it is clear that nature, who does nothing in vain, and who is full of harmonies, aims to prepare us, by the effect of these high altitudes, to feel more deeply the grandeur and the sublimity of the scenes which she presents us there."

THE FIRST OBSERVATIONS.

The first observations made were naturally on the oxygen lines in the solar spectrum. This time M. Janssen used a spectroscope much superior to that used in the two former expeditions. The results confirmed those reached before. In one of the fine passages in which his reports abound, he says of this conclusion:

"This absence of gas in the atmosphere of our central star interests us not only from the point of view of the future of the worlds which belong to it; it has a bearing of a still higher order: it reveals a new harmony in its constitution.

"We know already the chief features of the sun's constitution and the admirable conditions which assure both the abundance and the duration of the radiation which it pours upon the planets which surround it. We know that this incandescent surface which surrounds the sun, and in which resides the power of radiation, regenerates itself from stores of heat in the central mass.

"We know that this radiating surface is protected from the contact of the ice-cold celestial spaces by several gaseous envelopes. Of these envelopes, or atmospheres, the highest, and doubtless the most efficient as protection, is the so-called corona. This atmosphere is principally formed of hydrogen, the lightest and most transparent of known gases. The essential function of radiation, which is the very reason for the existence of the central star, is thus assured by this transparent, protecting atmosphere. But we see now that by an admirable precaution, the body which, at a certain period in the sun's future, would have ruined this function, has been carefully kept out of it.

"It is thus that science, in measure, as it advances, reveals to us ceaselessly new laws and harmonies in the structure of the universe."

WHAT IT IS HOPED TO DO AT THE HIGH OBSERVATORY.

But it is not only to prove that there is no oxygen in the sun's atmosphere that the observatory has been erected on Mt. Blanc. A complete study of the envelope will be made from this new point of observation, and undoubtedly with great success, the interference from the gases and vapors which surround the earth being so largely annulled. Here, too, the chromosphere, the protuberances, the coronal atmosphere, will be studied with new facility.

Another question of vital importance to the comfort of the earth is that of the sun's radiation. Is it decreasing? If so, at what degree? Does it vary periodically like the sun's spots? On the top of Mt. Blanc all these questions will be studied with greater surety. Evidently at the earth's surface they are complicated on account of the vapors through which the rays

have passed, and which absorb, we know, quantities of the heat.

The earth, too, will be viewed from a new point. Here the terrestrial spectrum will be examined and photographed. Storms, clouds, thunder, lightning, all the phenomena of the earth's air, will be studied from above, instead of below. The "field" for the observer in this novel situation is of an immense extent; a view whose diameter is about three hundred miles, and which includes the sunny plains of Lombardy, long stretches of the basins of the Rhone and the Rhine, the snowy mountains of Central Switzerland, all Dauphiné, the Jura, the Vosges. Below is an atmosphere two-and-a-half miles in depth. The observer can watch over all this vast expanse the formation, movements, and disappearance of clouds, and the effects upon them of pressure, damp, electricity. He can trace them from their birth in a distant valley in the blue ocean until they lie, a world of billows, between him and the earth below. Here he may unwind the cyclones and chain the lightnings.

But by far the most fascinating study that will be pursued at the new observatory has reference to the planets. Already M. Janssen has studied the atmospheres of several planets, from high stations, to discover if they contain water vapor. At the top of Mt. Etna, in 1867, he discovered the existence of vapor in the atmosphere of Mars, and was able to conclude that the seas whose outlines are designed on the surface of Mars are seas of water, and that the polar caps which

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shine at times with extraordinary brilliancy, and which in their fluctuations follow the seasons of the planet, are of ice, similar to our polar seas. In the atmosphere of Saturn he has also found vapor, and probably, too, in that of Venus. From the top of Mt. Blanc this interrogation of the planets will go on. Listen to M. Janssen.

"Do I mean that astronomers will one day show you in their glasses the inhabitants of the planets? Certainly, no. There are difficulties to this direct solution which may be said to be insurmountable, and which do not depend upon the progress of optics. But science has other ways, slower, it is true, but quite as sure, and of considerable philosophical bearing. She makes a genuine siege of a place, and in such a way that it is obliged to capitulate without her making an assault. It is in pursuing the complete *ensemble* of astronomical, geological, physical, chemical, and biological conditions offered by the planets of the solar system that science will be able to say with certainty whether or no the planets are habitable.

"This great study is already far advanced. The astronomical conditions are known. They carry with them almost all geology, since chemical unity has been demonstrated by physical astronomy. But science, not satisfied with having shown the common origin of the planets; with having shown that they are globes like ours, possessing continents, seas, an atmosphere, satellites; not content with having demonstrated the identity of their substances, now turns her investigations on their atmospheres.

M. JANSSEN AND HIS GUIDES—JANSSEN IS SEATED IN THE SLED.

"The spectrum of water vapor has been discovered, which discovery has enabled us to show the presence of this element essential to life in the planetary atmospheres. The discoveries which have just been made on oxygen will permit us to search for the presence of this vital gas.

"When these investigations are finished; when science shall have determined rigorously the astronomic conditions in which each planet is placed; when she shall have fixed the geological period, the chemical constitution, of the star, the nature of the gases which form

its atmosphere and that of the fluids which compose its oceans, then she will be able to say with certainty if the planets are habitable and what is the nature of the life they can support; for these are the points which determine the question.

"It is a fine problem that we are on the point of solving: perhaps the highest that human intelligence has ever proposed."

It *is* a fine problem and an inspiring one. But still more inspiring is it to trace the paths which are leading to its solution; to see how, as in the case of the researches of M. Janssen, a question raised over thirty years ago, and followed persistently—sometimes interrupted for years, perhaps, by other work, sometimes delayed by lack of apparatus, yet always kept in sight—becomes at last so freighted with data, so important in the eyes of the world, that everything else is forced aside to give it place, and the aid of all the scientific world offered to hasten its solution; to see how after years the aloe blooms.

Still more inspiring is it to see how the solution of one question suggests that of others; how the means necessary for one can be utilized for others; how surely human knowledge rises by the patient persistence of men in answering the one question which has come to them with particular force, and for which science so far has had no answer. The observatory on Mt. Blanc, and all the possibilities it offers, is the direct result of such steadfast devotion.

REVOLUTIONS.*

By Matthew Arnold.

Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turned them many times; made Greece,
Rome, England, France;—yes, nor in vain essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease!
The letters have combined, something was made.

But ah! an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on;
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And droop'd, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou say'st, there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.
—Ah! we shall know *that* well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart, he will breathe free.

* By permission, from "Poems by Matthew Arnold," Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

NERVOUSNESS: THE NATIONAL DISEASE OF AMERICA.

By Edward Wakefield.

IN every part of the world where advanced science has any footing at all, the name of Samuel Weir Mitchell, President of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, is known and honored. No man knows more about Americans than he does, and no man knows more about the nervous system. Americans, therefore, may take it with a good grace from their own famous specialist, that the national disease of this mighty nation is nervousness in all its forms.

Doctor Weir Mitchell is of Scottish descent, and is a Virginian by birth. His father, Doctor John K. Mitchell, however, practised for many years at Philadelphia, where he stood at the head of the profession. "Old Doctor Mitchell," as he is still affectionately called by middle-aged folks at Philadelphia, was as distinguished, in his day, for the treatment of nervous disorders as Doctor Weir Mitchell is now; and it is not a little suggestive to learn that there is a "young Doctor Mitchell" already acknowledged to be a worthy heir-apparent to the scientific honors of the family.

DOCTOR S. WEIR MITCHELL AT HOME.

Friday is the only day in the week when there is any chance to see the doctor otherwise than as a patient, because it is his rule to receive no patients on his "hospital day;" and, even when an appointment has been courteously granted at an early hour on Friday, the outlook on arriving at the house in Walnut Street is not encouraging. There is on the door a notice with a slate beside it, thus: "Out. Please write your business on the slate." Eminent specialists, however, share with fashionable ladies the curious faculty of being "out" and "in" at one and the same time. It all depends on who the visitor is and what arrangements have been made beforehand. If Doctor Mitchell has invited you to come, you need not be afraid of the notice on the door. You will be most courteously received by the doctor's secretary, a lady of gracious presence, who, by a quiet gesture, offers you a comfortable seat and calmly resumes her work in a corner of the room. If you have your wits about you, the time you have to wait, whether minutes or hours, will not be time lost. Very far from it. The first thing which strikes you is, that, though this is the doctor's day off, the room is half full of people of both sexes and various ages. These people are well worthy of notice.

Mother of Sorrows! Not Dante in his saddest imaginings pictured deeper or more various human suffering than those four walls have looked upon. Yet they are cheerful walls, and the space they enclose has nothing of the grimness of a doctor's "waiting-room." It is more like a country gentleman's library, and is evidently intended to be pleasant and reassuring to those who have to sit in it. There is no sort of furniture more resting to the mind than well filled bookshelves, and here they are in plenty. The books are not ghastly treatises on nerves or blood or bones. They are familiar standard works, and others not so familiar, which betoken the literary epicure. Here is a fine edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, which so good a judge as Macaulay pronounced the most readable book ever written; and as one's eyes follow the titles on rows and rows of well-bound volumes, they gloat over a feast of good reading which Charles

Lamb would have revelled in. The pictures and knick-knacks and upholstery are all in keeping with the bookshelves. The large round table is cosily littered with magazines and illustrated papers. Sunk in a capacious sofa, with the latest number of the "Graphic," one can observe without intruding. It is a room one could willingly live in—but not with the people who are in it now.

There are exceptions, however. Two of the gentlemen are very pleasant looking fellows, and are making themselves most agreeable to the others. They are chatting with them in low tones, but in quite a lively way, and their friendliness puts even the most timid at their ease. One of them, after each conversation, walks noiselessly into the great doctor's *sanctum sanctorum*, and presently returns; the other, meanwhile, having engaged somebody else in a quiet talk. Certainly, if these young men are suffering from nervous trouble, they do not show it. Is theirs some mysterious form of disease which is not to be detected on the surface? Not at all. One of them, the tall, fair-haired one, with the winning smile, is "young Doctor Mitchell;" and the other, the dark one, with the glasses and the fresh complexion, is also a rising light of the profession. They are Doctor Weir Mitchell's assistants, and their present function is to make friends with the patients, allay their excitement, and get from them as clear a statement of their symptoms and sensations as they can. This preliminary application of sympathy and delicate kindness by trained, vigilant, and acute assistants, is part of Dr. Mitchell's treatment, and a very important part in many cases. By the time the patients meet the great specialist himself, they have not only said all they have to say about themselves—a vast saving of time and trouble to him—but they have got into a state of comparative tranquillity which enables him to examine them much more effectively than he otherwise could.

When the last of the patients has been thus disposed of, the assistants take their departure, and Doctor Weir Mitchell comes out and conducts his visitor to an easy-chair in front of a glowing wood-fire in his own room. It is another library, crammed with books and pictures and sculptures, and souvenirs of a high and scholarly life, reminding one of nothing so much as the study of some Oxford don. The central figure in the scene is entirely in harmony with the surroundings. Doctor Weir Mitchell is a very tall man, considerably over six feet, and his erect bearing and well-knit figure display the whole of his height. He has abundance of gray hair and a full, gray beard, slightly peaked, after the manner of the poet Browning, whom he resembles not a little. He carries his sixty years well, though the intensely arduous nature of his work shows itself in his visage and in several peculiarities that are not easily described. To tell the plain truth, this master of neurology is himself a very nervous man. He makes no disguise of it.

When asked to convey his thoughts on certain heads of his favorite branch of science, he says frankly: "I am not able to concentrate myself in that rapid way. My mind is such that I do not express myself readily in speech. For that reason I lecture badly." Here, it need hardly be said, he does himself injustice. His lectures are deservedly famous. Yet his statement is to be taken literally to this extent, that in lecturing he adopts a slow, conversational method as the best suited to his nervous temperament, and it is often found desirable to have his lectures taken down in full, and put into a more concise shape for the use of students. Thus his admirable series on "The Conduct of Medical Life" were, or are to be, issued in printed form just because his manner of delivery failed to bring out the rare matter that is in them, to the best advantage. "No," he goes on, continuing the same train of thought, "the pen is my only trustworthy medium of expression. If I know what is wanted of me, and may put my ideas in writing, well and good. I only waste myself in speech. But I am a much harassed man—a much harassed man," he repeats, smiling gravely. "I am urged to write on

subjects which might fill volumes, when I have only time to write prescriptions." All the same, the doctor takes a most liberal view of the relations of a man of science to the public, and, though hating publicity for himself, he recognizes the value of it for his ideas, "if he may only put them in writing."

Doctor Mitchell makes it as far as possible a rule, however, to take no part in literary work during the busy period of his overwhelming practice. Every summer, like a wise man, he gives himself a long holiday; not a long spell of idleness, but rather a change of occupation whilst in close contact with nature. For several summers past he had gone to the Restigouche River in Canada, but last summer he went to Labrador. He takes with him all the materials for his literary work, and it is to this open-air habit of writing that we owe his delightfully easy scientific treatises, as well as those dryly philosophical novels, fairy tales, and poems which have given him a place in literature somewhere between Arthur Helps and Matthew Arnold.

But, for the purposes of this article on "The National Disease of America," we could not wait till he returned from Labrador. We had to take his ideas as we could get them, and we venture to think they will be found clear enough. First, as to this specialism with which Doctor Mitchell's name is so conspicuously connected. Is it a fact that any special science of nervous diseases exists, apart from general pathology? No, not in a strict sense. Specialism, Dr. Mitchell says, is, or should be, merely a matter of division of labor. It first arose by the wholesome and gradual evolution of the individual specialist out of the general practitioner; but to-day the special physician is too apt to select his branch before he is weaned from the breast of his Alma Mater. He would be a better doctor if he had behind him more years of general clinical labor. Sometimes one branch of medical science is in advance of the rest, and sometimes another; and a man who narrows himself down to a specialty is likely to lose a great deal of knowledge which is as necessary for his branch as for others. The various fields of medical investigation overlap each other, and no man can be a really good specialist who is not also a good general practitioner. The physical system is so complex that the parts act and react upon each other in a wonderful way. Nervous phenomena may be only symptoms of an organic disease; or organic phenomena may be only symptoms of a nervous disease.

The real value of specialism to science is, that it perfects knowledge in particular branches, which knowledge afterwards spreads through the whole body of medicine, and so all branches are refreshed by new, advanced, and precise ideas. The general practitioner is apt to see only the beginnings of disease, without correctly interpreting them, or asking counsel early enough to be useful. He confuses with rheumatism the neuralgias due to the faint beginnings of spinal disease, or he vainly tries to allay headache by drugs, when a specialist would tell him in an hour that it is the result of defective sight, or ear trouble, or nasal disease. But specialism ought to be as broad as possible, and the specialization of practice is to be feared in proportion as it tends to become narrow. Even specialists in insanity, Doctor Mitchell thinks, instead of living in eternal contact with the insane, ought to come into relation with neurologists and others. He even goes so far as to say that insane asylums ought to become hospitals with an outside staff of attending physicians. "Believe me," he says, "we cannot safely permit any class of specialists to drift away from general and frequent contact with the rest of us."

As to specialism in surgery, and most particularly as to the use of the knife, which has been the subject of such fierce discussion lately, Doctor Mitchell holds strong views and expresses them freely. The precision of instruments in modern times, by greatly diminishing the peril of life in operations, has created a vast temptation for the younger surgeons.

THE INCREASE OF NERVOUSNESS IN AMERICA.

Doctor Mitchell considers it proved beyond any dispute that nervousness is the characteristic malady of the American nation, growing upon them in a frightfully accelerated ratio every year, and threatening them with disasters at no distant date which the mind shrinks from contemplating. The number of deaths from this cause is already appalling, and is steadily and rapidly increasing. In some of the busy centres the tables of mortality show that the proportion of nerve deaths has multiplied more than twenty times in the last forty years, and that now the nerve deaths number more than one-fourth of all the deaths recorded. What is most shocking in these returns, this fearful loss of life occurs mainly among young people of both sexes. This means that the Americans are fast becoming a very short-lived people; and that, if they were shut in on themselves for only a few years, without any influx of vitality by immigration, the publication of the census would send a pang of horror and alarm throughout the land.

What is the cause of this? Doctor Mitchell is clearly of opinion that the first and most potent cause is the climate. How or why the climate of America produces the effects that it does, has never been explained. Doctor Mitchell says the operation of climatic conditions in relation to health in this country is utterly mysterious; but he is quite persuaded that the development of a nervous temperament is one of the race-changes which are also giving the Americans facial, vocal, and other peculiarities derived from none of their ancestral stocks. Some scientific observers have affirmed that there is an "electric" quality in the climate here which operates powerfully on the nerves, but it is not clear what they mean by that; and Doctor Mitchell, who has probably given the subject more attention than anybody else, does not consider the evidence of this electric agency sufficient to found a theory. What is certain is, that people coming largely from the phlegmatic races undergo a change of temperament here, and become excitable, emotional, and irritable to a degree that is unknown in any other part of the world. Another plainly recognized effect of the American climate is, that it makes the strain of either mental or physical labor much more severe than it is elsewhere. A man or woman can work longer and harder with head or hands, without injurious effects, in England or on the continent of Europe than in America; and overwork of either kind involves far more serious consequences here than there. Even the changes of the seasons and the weather have curious effects on the nervous system which are not noticed in other countries. Doctor Mitchell considers it proved that the paralysis of childhood—acute anterior myelitis—a sadly common affliction, is a disease of the summer months; and he is so much impressed by the relation of the nervous affection called chorea to the weather curves, and of traumatic neuralgia to storms, that he has prepared special treatises for medical use on both of those subjects.

As to the comparative effect of the American climate on the different races of mankind, it is too early to form any very confident judgment. But this much is certain: White races are affected more than colored. Full-blood negroes are found to be entirely exempt from some of the worst and most prevalent forms of nervous disease, and even a slight trace of color seems to be a safeguard. The Anglo-Saxon Americans are the greatest sufferers from the national disease, and especially those in the higher walks of life. Females are more under the influence of this terrible scourge than males, and town dwellers than country folk. The prevalence of the more serious nervous diseases is shown to be in almost exact proportion to the congestion of population. There is no surer test of the nervous condition of any people than this—Can the women, when they become mothers, nurse their children themselves? In America it is found that, whereas in the rural districts from seven-tenths to nine-tenths of the women can do so, in

the cities the proportion is not more than one-half; and Doctor Mitchell declares that he would not be believed if he were to say how many even of these are unfit to be wives or mothers at all.

THE DOLLAR DEVIL AND THE SCHOOL FIEND.

Americans are not responsible for the climate. That is one of the evils they have to bear in compensation for the thousand blessings and advantages they enjoy in the possession of this mighty tract of marvellously productive land. But they are responsible, almost criminally responsible, for aggravations of the effects of the climate by their habits of life, which multiply the number of victims tenfold, and must, in the long run, degrade and attenuate the race. The two most formidable enemies of the national health are the Dollar Devil and the School Fiend. The former attacks particularly males, the latter females; but both sexes are more or less exposed to the malign influence of both evils. There is a popular goody-goody notion that late hours, fashionable styles of dress, prolonged dancing, and all the other follies of gay society, are the main cause of nervous wreck among women. But the truth is, that the leisure, pleasure-seeking class are comparatively free from nervous disease. They toil not, neither do they spin. They dress warmly and comfortably, they eat and drink plentifully, and of the best. They have constant variety and relaxation, and they do not bother themselves about anything in particular. If the mass of American women led the life of the Four Hundred, specialists in nervous diseases would find their occupation gone. No, for one woman who breaks down through fashionable folly, a score are destroyed by overstrain in the serious affairs of life.

The flower of American womanhood is wilted by over-culture before it comes fully into bloom. The long hours, the multiplicity of studies, the number of teachers,—each striving to get the utmost out of the pupils,—the craving rivalry to be well-graded, the all-devouring ambition to command a means of living, the hurried or neglected meals, the want of exercise, and the fatal irregularity that it entails, the gnawing worry that murders sleep, —it is these, and these alone, that condemn tens of thousands of American women to a life of misery and uselessness, before they have ceased to be children. Doctor Mitchell deliberately maintains that, for all the best purposes of female society, it would be better that American girls were not educated at all until they are seventeen, than that they were overwrought as they are at present. They study seven or eight hours a day, when two or three would be sufficient to keep their intelligence in training,—and all for what? To spend their after years on a sofa or in a sick-room, and to be a burden, instead of a help, to those who are dearest to them. It is a tremendous saying, from one speaking with authority, that as much domestic unhappiness is caused in America by nervousness among women as by dram-drinking among men. Yet such is Doctor Weir Mitchell's verdict. He holds that every girl ought to be examined as to her nervous temperament when about to go to school, and at frequent intervals afterwards; that leisure, exercise, and wholesome meals ought to be insisted upon; and that studies ought to be compulsorily diminished, or discontinued altogether, the moment the well-known signs of overstrain appear. If girls are maintained in normal nervous condition until they are seventeen, they may study almost as hard as they please afterwards without imperilling their woman's life. But let there be no mistake about it. Overwork and unnatural worry from eight or nine to seventeen mean ruin and wretchedness from seventeen till early death.

As for the Dollar Devil, its power is manifested in that wide-spread complaint which physicians call cerebral exhaustion. The American male stands the racket of the schools much better than the female. He takes more exercise, and he has not the troubles of

puberty to contend against. But he meets his fate very shortly afterwards. He goes to business far too young, and he straightway consumes his vital energy till nothing is left but dust and ashes. It is often pointed out with pride that America is the country of young men; and so it is. We quite usually see here labors and responsibilities borne by mere boys, which nowhere else would be undertaken by many under middle age. That is very striking and interesting to the casual observer. But what it means to such observers as Doctor Weir Mitchell is, that America is the country of young invalids, young wrecks, young drug victims, young inebriates, young maniacs, young suicides! The prematureness of business responsibility, the frantic haste to be rich and powerful, produces in plain sight what is nothing short of a frightfully general social evil. The most appalling cases of nervous disease that the doctor meets with are those of young men, in the highest posts, who entered business life too early, and suddenly encountered periods of excessive anxiety and grave responsibility. It would have been a mercy to them if they had been street-sweepers or coal porters instead of railroad presidents or bank managers.

A volume might be written on this one aspect of the subject, and every line of it quick with the thrilling romance of real life. But what would be the use? Doctor Mitchell believes that to preach to the present generation of American business men, for their own salvation, is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. His warnings are as the prophecies of Cassandra—disregarded in proportion as they are fatefully true. But, he says, there is hope for the future. If our business men have no care for their own health or happiness, their hearts are not altogether made of bank paper. Let them feel for their sons and their sons' sons, who are to be the Americans of the coming century. For the sake of humanity, for the sake of morality, for the sake of patriotism, let them give the youth of the great Republic a chance to live while they live, to be heirs to something more than piles of white or yellow metal, to know the joys of high thinking and high living, the dignity and nobleness of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Let them secure for their successors in the boundless wealth and energy of this marvellous country such a strength of nerves that they may know how to bind the Dollar Devil with chains, and make it their all-obedient servant instead of their cruel and remorseless tyrant!

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP.

By William Oldys.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

By Robert Barr.

THIS is not my story, and I have really no business to write it. It belongs to the railway manager. He ought to tell it, but he won't. A railway manager will not admit in print that trains are ever "held up" on *his* road, whatever may happen on the opposition line. Thus it comes that I have to set down the story, who should not. Besides, I cannot write it down in such a way as to indicate the snap and go of the narrative told us by the railway manager; for he was drunk at the time, and no sober man, with a pen in his hand, can emulate the eloquence of a railway manager when the champagne flows. Of course, a sober railway manager would not tell an incident that might frighten traffic away from his road; so you have to learn these things from them when they are half-seas over. The story is strictly true, because I related it to the manager next day (he was suffering from a headache), and he admitted its accuracy, and said, with a groan:

"I had no idea I drank so much as that."

He implored me not to tell the story, and I will not. I merely write it. Hang a man who won't keep his pledged word, with even a railway manager.

The railway runs through a wild part of North Carolina, and Tompkins had been manager of it for some years. It is a picturesque line, and gets itself tangled up among the mountains in the most bewildering way. The train puffs and staggers up awful grades; winds and twists, and doubles on itself in the most confusing fashion; goes round and round cup-like depressions, and seems, in general, not to know where it is going. But, like the person in the song, it "gets there just the same." The road passes through some pretty rough settlements; but there is civilization and wealth at each end of the line, and this enables the railway to pay a good salary to the manager, although I never heard that it so far forgot itself as to pay any dividends to the shareholders.

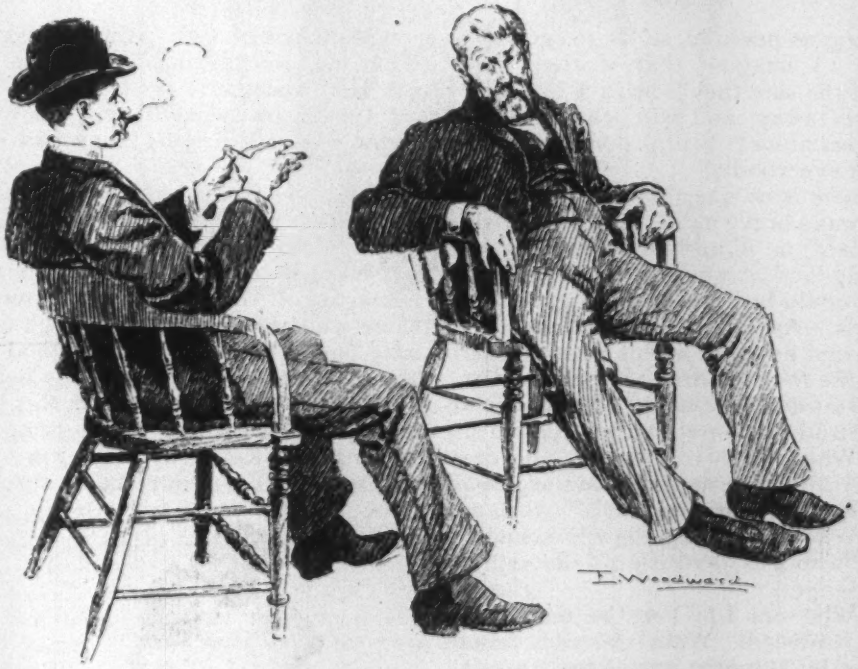
Well, one day there were a lot of nabobs going East, and, as the manager was also travelling in that direction, he ordered his private car hitched to the noon express, and away they went.

A private car, the manager tells me, differs from an ordinary coach, and is superior, in some respects, even to the aristocratic Pullman. A good deal, of course, depends on the manager. If the manager is a prohibition man—but then, what is the use of discussing the improbable? Tompkins knows them all, and *he* says a railway manager is content if the engine-drivers and trainmen are teetotallers, without carrying the temperance fad to extremes. By extremes, Tompkins means the rear end of the train, where the manager's private car is coupled. Anyhow, I am given to understand that the interior decorations of a manager's car are very fine and expensive, including artistic effects in Burgundy, dry champagne, fine delicate brands of old Kentucky, cigars from Havana, and things of that sort.

The time of this memorable trip was a few days before Christmas, and people were going East to see their folks, many of the travellers having con-

siderable amounts of money on them. Besides this, there was four hundred thousand dollars in the safe of the express-car going through to New York. This fact made the manager a trifle anxious, and it was one of the causes that were bringing him East. However, the train would be out of the mountains while it was still daylight; so the manager felt no real anxiety.

All the nabobs who amounted to anything were in his private car, and they were enjoying themselves, as people should during that festive season; but not, if I understood Tompkins aright, entirely by admiring the scenery, although doubtless that added to their pleasure.



Just as they were in the roughest part of the mountains, there was a wild shriek of the whistle, a sudden scrunt of the air-brakes, and the train, with an abruptness that was just short of an accident, stopped.

"What's up?" cried everybody.

"I don't know," said the manager, getting a little pale around the gills. "You all stay here, and I'll go out and see."

It need hardly be said that none of the passengers knew of the money in the express-car.

The manager stepped down from his private coach at the rear, and, the moment he looked towards the front of the train, he saw that his worst fears were realized. Just ahead of the locomotive, on the rails, was a huge pile of logs and railway ties. Standing around the engine and the express-car was a group of the most villainous-looking mountaineers the manager had ever seen; determined and desperate men, who could put a bullet in a man half a mile away. All were armed with their long rifles, and two had their weapons at their shoulders, while the trembling express-messenger and the engineer stood with their hands above their heads.

"What's wrong?" cried a nabob who had followed the manager out.

"Everything's wrong. We're held up; that's what's wrong. Go back and tell the rest to conceal their valuables. I know what they're after. There's nearly half a million in gold on board. I'll go forward and parley with them

as long as possible, so as to give you time. I imagine that if they break open the safe they'll be in a big hurry to get away, and will leave the passengers alone. Still, I don't know; so warn everybody."

There is no question but the manager was a brave man. He went briskly forward, as if nothing particular was wrong and it was all a little mistake that could be explained away in a few words. As he walked the length of the train he made up his mind to sacrifice the four hundred thousand dollars, if by so doing he could prevent bloodshed and further robbery.

"What's the row here?" he cried cheerfully, as he approached the gloomy group of mountaineers.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the man who was "covering" the express-messenger.

"Who am I? I'm the manager of this railroad. What do you fellows mean by stopping one of my trains?"

The man lowered his rifle and looked at the manager.

"What's the matter with you?" added Tompkins.

"The matter's just this, Mr. Manager. You run the gol-darndest railroad in all creation. That's what's the matter, and we ain't a-goin' to stand it no longer. I don't mind your trainmen throwing coal at my dog; I don't mind 'em sassing my wife an' making fun o' my clothes; but when it comes to monkeying with my whiskey, I'm dod-gasted if I'm a-goin' to stand it."

The other mountaineers nodded their approval of these sentiments.

"Monkeying with your whiskey? What do you mean?" cried the bewildered manager.

"I mean just what I say. They can throw coal at my dog, they can sass my——"

"Yes, yes; but I don't understand about the whiskey. What have my men to do with your whiskey?"

"Why, don't you know, and you manager of the road? Well, moonshine whiskey's all right enough ordinary days; but we allus has good old Kentucky for Christmas. Day before yesterday I gave your man in this here kyar a jug an' two dollars to bring me some prime Kentucky from town fur Christmas. Yesterday, bang through

goes your train, jug and whiskey and all, and never stops. Now we ain't a-goin' to stand that from no road that ever tooted a whistle to scare the steers. I said I'd bet my boots *next* train 'ud stop, and she has. I don't allow no man to monkey with my likker. He kin sass my wife and chuck coal——"

"See here," said the manager to the expressman. "Did you take his two dollars?"

"'Twa'n't me," said the messenger. "Must have been Bill Simmons, on No. 9, and she must have gone through without stopping yesterday."

"Then all you want is your whiskey?" asked the manager, with a sigh of relief.

"Fair's fair, boss. 'Tisn't Christian-like to drink moonshine this time of the year. Besides, he's got my two dollars *and* the jug."

"*That's* all right," cried the manager. "Have we got a jug on the train?"

"Here's one," said the mountaineer, taking a jug from behind a log. They had been refreshing themselves while waiting for the train.

The manager grasped it by the handle, turned it upside down, and let the remains of the "moonshine" gurgle out, to the horror of the mountaineers. Then he started through the train, shouting, "Here, you men with flasks, I want half your stock. Pour it in here, and be glad you get off so cheaply."

Every man who had a bottle produced it, and before Tompkins had gone through two cars the jug was brimming full. He went back to the leader, who now allowed the engineer and expressman to hold down their hands.

"Taste *that*," said Tompkins.

The mountaineer smacked his lips after sampling the contents. "That's a good blend," he said, with solemn reverence.

"Blend? You bet it's a blend. I've blended it myself; there's a sample of every known brand in the States there. Now, to-morrow, I give you my word that No. 9 stops and unships your jug, or there'll be a row. Is that all right?"

"It's all right, boss," said the leader,

who had given the word. Thereupon his lank company had flung the old ties and tree-trunks clear of the track. "You're a white man, if you *are* the manager of this road. And your men can make fun of my clothes an' sass my wife all the've a-mind to, an' heave the company's coal at my dog, as long as they know you ain't a-goin' to let 'em monkey with my whiskey."

ALL IN THE DAY.

You say you love,—and twenty more
Have sighed, and said the same before.
And yet I swear, I can't tell how,
I ne'er believed a man till now.

'Tis strange that I should credit give
To words, who know that words deceive;
And lay my better judgment by,
To trust my partial ear or eye.

'Tis ten to one I had denied
Your suit, had you to-morrow tried;
But, faith! unthinkingly, to-day
My heedless heart has gone astray.

To bring it back would give me pain,
Perhaps the struggle, too, were vain;
I'm indolent,—so he that gains
My heart, may keep it for his pains.